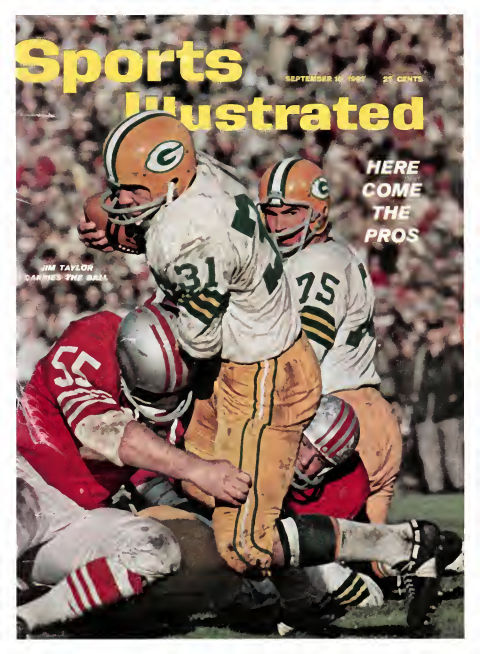


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SEPTEMBER 10, 1967

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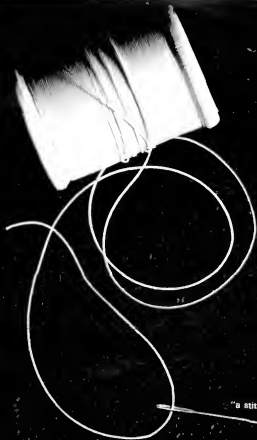
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Next week

FLOYD PATTERSON tells why he agrees with Senny Lison that their fight this month will end in a knockout and how he is preparing to be the one still standing. An exclusive story.

THE AMERICA'S CUP preview will include expert analysis of the contestant by Carlton Mischell and heretofore unpublished facts about the way the challenge was made.

MONSTER FISH of U.S. rivers is the sturgeon, which once produced the world's best caviar. Joe David Brown reports on the habits and fighting qualities of this forgotten game.



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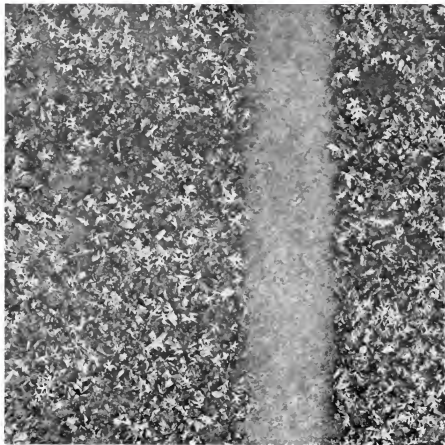
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SHOPWALK

The best new fall sweaters are fashioned after athletic favorites

This fall if your sweater looks as if it had been stolen from a Hersey crewman, a tennis player or a star of track and field, you can be sure you're in style. Sweaters for casual wear around the campus or on weekends in the country are patterned after those used by athletes.

Most of this fall's new sweaters have a deceptively full and bulky knit but are light in weight. Knitted mohair, luxuriously soufflé in appearance, is more popular than ever before. Thick double-ply wools and lightweight but puffed-out Orlon yarns are knit into



Heavy Knitter

sweaters of every new shape of the season.

The V-neck tennis pullover, with or without cable stitching, is the No. 1 sport sweater and comes in all sorts of colors and variations. The Swiss-made lemon-yellow mohair sweater shown above, for example, has a plunging V neckline filled in with pale yellow mohair that matches the cuffs and waistband. Imported by T. W. Murphy, it's \$40.

Another popular knit is one that looks like Scottish tweed—a look achieved by combining two or more colored strands of loosely knit yarn. Renart has an unusual tweed V neck, also tennis inspired, that combines brown and beige wool (517). There is also a matching beige fine-gauge-knit turtleneck



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(\$18) that can be worn underneath the heavier sweater.

A sweater called *The Sportsman* is in a vivid green the sweater makers are calling "tartan." This one has bulky waffle stitching and a border design of red wool and a solid red band at the waist, at the tennis V neck and on the cuffs. Pantino makes it, and it's \$18.

Evan-Picone has a tennis classic of white wool with cable stitching and red and navy blue banding. In addition, the same sweater comes in light tan with stripes of camel and grey, red and loden, teal blue and brown. They're all \$20.

Ernst Engel, who makes ski clothes, is importing fuzzy Angora V-neck sweaters from Italy that match his ski pants but are too good to keep for winter. These are full-fashioned and pull down over the derriere. They come in raspberry red, jade, butter-scooch, beige, light blue, navy and black and cost \$20.

Newest offshoot of the V-neck classic is the horseshoe-shaped neckline. Old Colony has solved the difficult knitting problem of a U neckline beautifully, and the result is a brass-colored downy mohair for \$15.

All summer long the cotton sweat shirt was the most popular pullover on the beach. Designers, not so dumb, have produced sweat shirts in wool to carry the trend into the fall. The slash-necked, flat-knit pullover with a 12-inch zipper at the neckline (above) by Mr. Mort has the sweat-shirt look. It can be worn open-necked, beach fashion, or with a contrasting-color turtleneck sweater underneath. It comes in black, tan, red and royal blue and is \$13.

Jane Iruill has made a crew-necked shirt-sweater of mohair. It comes in blue, chambray, red and black, has a three-button closing at the neckline and costs \$15. It looks well with a lightweight wool turtleneck

continued

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SHOPWALK continued

sweater worn underneath. And the Irwell turtlenecks come in eight handsome colors. They're \$6.50.

The pattern and the cut of a red-hooded sweater was taken from a boy's sweat suit. It zips up the front and has a rounded snug-fitting hood with cable stitching framing the face. The flat knit, taken from the classic shaker knit schoolboy sweaters, is called a "stadium sweater" by Renner. It's \$15.

A brass-buttoned cardigan has a Harold Teen look, with wide black and white hori-



zontal bands. It is made by Helen Harper in light-weight Orlon, it's \$12.

A bold-striped sweater from Mr. Mort could have come straight off the back of a soccer player. It has two-inch-wide brown and tartan-green horizontal stripes like a soccer jersey, and it comes with a long striped, fringed muffler. The sweater with muffler is \$17.

Mohair has been unusually combined in a two-by-two-inch checkerboard-patterned pullover that is long, loose fitting and loosely knit. Evan-Picone imports it from Florence. It has a wide boat neckline and comes in red and loden checks; blue and brown checks; and camel and grey checks. It is \$28.

The turtleneck sweater favored by skiers, sailors and horsemen is now also a favorite with young collegians who pile favorite sweaters on top of favorite turtlenecks, and the bulkier the outer sweater the better. The long, deep-rolled turtleneck pullover shown above comes in sizes for both men and women. It is made in Italy for Biemont of a loose-knit three-ply wool the Italians call *espresso*. It comes in warm brown, black and white and costs \$20.

—JULE CAMPBELL

SCORECARD

PROS LIKE PROS

The arrival of the professional football season (preseason games have been drawing huge crowds) again brings into focus the extraordinary impact the game has had on America in the last decade. A striking aspect of this phenomenon is the hold pro football has developed on men at the executive and professional level—the men who run things, who deal with people, who have to attune themselves to constantly changing factors within the supposedly stable world in which they work and operate.

For fairly obvious reasons, these men are fascinated by the pragmatic efficiency evident in pro football, the precision, the attention to detail, the continual appraisal, procurement and training of personnel, the discipline and control wielded by coaches and their assistants, the constant challenge of new ideas and new developments and the reaction to that challenge, the counterchallenge.

These men like pro football because it is a business, beyond the emotions of college football and free of the charges of hypocrisy and overemphasis. They like it because it is a profession, to which its members are almost totally dedicated. And they like it because it is a sport in which greater questions of cause and effect are caught in microcosm and in which the outcome is uncertain until men, in play, have pitted their brains and their bodies against other men.

TALK ABOUT ALGERIA

The Houston Colts put on quite a show for early arrivals in Cincinnati's Crosley Field recently. First, Pitcher Hal Woodeshick and Catcher Jim Campbell almost had a fight when Campbell tried to hurry his teammate out of the batting cage. Woodeshick refused to be hurried, saying, "I'm taking my cuts."

"What for?" said Campbell. "You're never around long enough to bat."

Woodeshick went for Campbell and the two had to be separated.

Then Infielder Bob Aspromonte, upset because First Baseman Norm Larker wouldn't let him use one of his bats,

threw it the length of the dugout and broke the knob end. Then he pulled all of Larker's bats out of the rack onto the concrete floor. Larker didn't go for Aspromonte—just for Aspromonte's bats, pulling them out of the rack and flinging them to the floor, too. When none broke, he took one and started hitting it against the concrete steps.

"What in hell is going on here?" suddenly roared Manager Harry Craft, and an uneasy peace settled over the Houston Colts.

THEY SAID IT

- Steve McQueen, a racing car buff and star of TV's *The Bounty Hunter*, after promising not to race sports cars during the filming of his new movie: "I don't know yet if I'm an actor dabbling in racing or a racer dabbling in acting."

- Mickey Wright on why she resents being called the Arnold Palmer of women's professional golf: "Palmer and I don't have a thing in common. I have a classic swing like Gene Littler and Jay Hebert. Palmer's swing is all wrong. He's just lucky he's as strong as an ox."

- Hub Reed of the Cincinnati Royals, commenting that NBA players hope Jerry Lucas winds up in the rival American Basketball League: "It's nothing personal. We wanted him in the other league to keep it going. Then when we get through in this league maybe we could still hook on for a couple of years with a team in the ABL."

- Football Coach Ralph Jordan of Auburn: "They used to have another name for pursuit and gang-tackling. They called it piling on. We may be a year late at Auburn, but we're going to this new hell-for-leather, helmet-bursting, gang-tackling game they're playing here in the Southeastern Conference. Since Bear Bryant came back to Alabama it's the only game that can win."

ABOUT TIME

Washington Pitcher Don Rudolph may be the man to start the trend that saves baseball from itself. Speedy Don beat the Orioles 4-0 last week with a six-

hitter that required only one hour and 47 minutes to play.

"That was my seventh game this year under two hours," Rudolph said. "My idea on pitching is to get in the groove and keep going. There's no point in messing around out there, shaking off the catcher, picking up the resin bag, wiping the forehead and all that stuff. That makes no sense to me. Two hours or less is my object."

Rudolph says the average time between his pitches has been timed at six seconds. His speed-up drive certainly hasn't hurt his pitching. He's won eight, lost six for the last-place Senators, has a 3.00 earned run average and earlier in the season, over a four-game stretch, retired 30 men in succession.

SMOKE-FILLED WATER

Miss Brett Sullivan, long-distance swimmer, recently did 94 miles from Montauk Point, on Long Island, almost to Coney Island. At intervals in this water marathon she consumed three packages of cigarettes and nine bottles of warm beer.

"I use the cigarettes as a sort of incentive while swimming," Miss Sullivan



says. "I promise myself another cigarette if I can just go another 200 strokes, then again for another 250 strokes, and so on." The beer, she claims, contains minerals which plain water lacks, and any other beer-drinker would agree.

Miss Sullivan, no Spartan, trains between swims by not going to bed before the late late show, never rising before 10 a.m. and never going near the water.

continued

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Collector's item! The astute **MAN*** **RELAXED** combines moments of interest with the handsome comfort of a cardigan. **ASPEN** (at left) is a brushed jacquard knit with high front zip, \$18.95. **Diamond pattern COUNSELOR** is also jacquard knit with the latest 7 button front closing, \$15.95. Sized to extra large and both of finest 100% Wool.

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SCORECARD *continued*

She stands 5 feet 5 inches and weighs 127 pounds. Her fitness program consists of 15 minutes a day of deep sit-ups with a 30-pound weight on her chest.

For cigarette and beer money Miss Sullivan had hoped to win the \$10,000 prize in the 50-mile Lake Michigan swim from Chicago to Kenosha. But, alas, she had to give up her quest near the Baba'i Temple in suburban Wilmette. It was a sad blow for her and for lovers of eccentricity.

ONE-MAN PEACE CORPS

Mal Whitfield, twice Olympic champion at 800 meters, is home from Africa for rest and relaxation before returning for his fifth year as a physical education lecturer at the University of Nigeria.

"You can't buy these countries any more," said Whitfield of the African nations. "You must help them develop a belief in the dignity of man."

Whitfield had to learn three native languages to carry out his duties. He found food so poor in Africa that he turned to farming. "I got myself some books on agriculture and started my own garden. Eventually I had 21 varieties of vegetables growing, including carrots as big as your arm. Then I got some baby chicks from Holland, and before you knew it I had 250 laying hens going for me."

Whitfield developed an NCAA-type competitive program among the five Nigerian universities. "I'm trying to get the U.S. State Department to send over more coaches, and I don't mean armchair coaches. I mean high school coaches who will get right down and work with the kids. Sport is the best thing America has left with which to sell good will and democracy."

He was sharply critical of the current fight between the AAU and the NCAA for control of U.S. track and field. "This hasn't left a good taste in the mouth of our foreign friends," he said. "They don't understand how we can have become so confused."

PULL OVER TO THE FEEDER

Man has always wondered how fast birds can fly and has argued endlessly about it. Men have chased birds with cars, flown alongside them in planes, tried to clock them with a stopwatch. Crawford H. Greenwalt, the ornithologist president of E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., put a hummingbird in a wind tunnel.

continued



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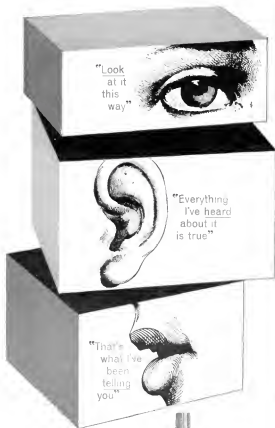
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SCORECARD *continued*

But it took Dr. Wesley E. Lanyon of the American Museum of Natural History, and a friend of his named Orville Dunning, a radar engineer, to settle the age-old arguments. You know those radar things cops use to snare speeders? Well, they used a somewhat similar device and caught birds dragging, so to speak. The champion thus far is a ring-necked duck, which was clocked at 66.1 mph. Second was a black duck (55 mph) and third a quail (44.5 mph). It went down from there through pheasant, coot, wild turkey, herring gull, blue jay, house finch and white-throated sparrow to the black-capped chickadee, which putted along at a sedate 17 mph.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Bob Cousy, Boston Celtic star who is playing his last season in the NBA before taking over as basketball coach at Boston College, has already recruited himself some of the Fast's best prospects for his 1963 team. Among them: Washington, D.C. guard John Austin.
- The AAU is sending a 3½-page letter signed by Executive Director Donald Hull to high schools warning them against a "power grab" by the NCAA. Obviously hitting at the NCAA's newly formed federations, the letter says that athletes who participate in open competition not sanctioned by the "recognized governing body" (the AAU) will disqualify themselves from international competition.
- Robert Hayes, America's top sprinter whose 9.2 in the 100-yard dash last winter equaled Frank Budd's world record, hopes for an eventual pro football career, but thus far he's just another half-back on Florida A&M's talent-saturated team. Coach Jake Gaither expects speed as a matter of course. Last year he had three backs who had run the hundred in 9.6 and six who had done 10 flat or better. His top running back this season, Robert Parnore, was clocked at 9.3 in Hayes's 9.2 race.

A FOOTBALL MAJOR

Jerry Rhone, SMU quarterback who led the Southwest Conference in pass completions last year as a sophomore (74 of 179), has quit school. The reason: the ground-conscious offense put in this year by SMU's new coach, Hayden Fry, gives Rhone little chance to develop as a passer. "I've always had hopes of playing pro football," says Jerry, "but my only

continued



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WASH & WEAR FABRICS

A woman is lying on her stomach on a large, patterned shirt that is spread out on the grass. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. The shirt has a complex geometric pattern in dark colors. The background is a clear blue sky with some light clouds.

Now! Get your exact sleeve length in a sport shirt!

***Sport Shirt Thoroughbred! Famous Arrow Fit...
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A small portrait of a man with short, dark hair, smiling. He is wearing a dark-colored sport shirt with a button-down collar.

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Arrow sport shirts, give you your exact sleeve length! "Sanforized" labeled, 100% cotton. Six distinctive colors, 5.00. Matching **LADY ARROW**, roll-up sleeves, 5.00.

—ARROW—

chance is as a passer, I don't believe I can develop that talent under the new SMU offense," Jerry wants to transfer to another school, sit out his year of ineligibility and then play two more years of college ball before starting business negotiations with the pros.

How does Jerry's father, a high school coach, feel about this? Says Byron Rhome: "That's what college is supposed to do—prepare you for the future."

DISASTER IN JAKARTA

The Fourth Asian Games opened in Jakarta last week and almost immediately headed for disaster. Indonesia had built a 100,000-seat stadium, a modern 14-story hotel and Asia's first six-lane highway, complete with cloverleaf, but it had neglected to learn the basic rules of international sport competition. It went through the motions of inviting all members of the Asian Games Federation, but somehow the entry blanks for Israel got lost and those for Taiwan turned out to be blank sheets of paper. Israel and Taiwan claimed Indonesia had succumbed to political pressure from the Arab nations and Communist China. The International Weight-lifting Federation withdrew its sanction from the games, the International Amateur Athletic Federation did the same, and Japan considered quitting for fear of jeopardizing her 1964 Olympic plans.

A suggestion was made that the competition be divested of its official designation as the Asian Games and that it be simply an international event. The Indonesian trade minister angrily criticized G. D. Sondhi of India, vice-president of the Asian Games Federation and a leader in the move to strip the games of official status, and said that Indonesia should enter into no new trade relations with India until the affair had been settled. The Indian ambassador to Indonesia expressed shock and surprise and reminded the trade minister that Mr. Sondhi was not acting as a political representative of India but as an international sports official.

Sport is sport and politics are politics, and they mix uneasily. If you must mix them, do so warily, with an eye on the consequences. Perhaps it is cynical to point this out, but if the Indonesians had kept politics out of sport the Asian Games might have been a huge success and a political triumph instead of the sorry mess they are.

END

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SERIOCOMIC ACTION Inside Yankees bumping and spilling all over each other during week of ineptitude. Above, Yom Tush and

Mickey Mantle (7) collide while chasing fly ball which Mantle held. Below, Cleve Boyer (left) and Elston Howard rebound after crash.



THAT OLD YANKEE SOAP OPERA

The New York Yankees lost eight games in a week and once again changed a runaway into a pennant race, but neither Manager Ralph Houk (right) nor anyone else was taking the slump seriously

by WALTER BINGHAM

It has been the cruel habit of the New York Yankees to create the illusion that there is a close pennant race in the American League when common sense says there isn't. For the past two seasons the Yanks have brought off this accomplishment subtly, even artistically, allowing the Baltimore Orioles, then the Detroit Tigers, to think they had a good shot at the pennant before chewing them to bits in September inside a well-crowded Yankee Stadium.

But this year the job of creating an American League pennant race to rival the typically hot race in the National League has been one that would have taxed the resources of a Barnum, or even a David Merrick. After weathering a storm of early-season misfortunes, among them injuries to Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford and Luis Arroyo and the loss of Tony Kubek to the Army—misfortunes that should have provided some competitor ample time to romp ahead—the Yankees nonetheless found themselves in August with a six-game lead over Los Angeles, seven over Minnesota and an even more embarrassing lead over the "serious" contenders—Baltimore, Detroit and Cleveland. This wouldn't do at all.

When most of August had passed and still no team had made a serious challenge, the Yankees appeared to take

continued



matters into their own hands. They lost eight out of 10 games, including three doubleheaders in six days, a feat worthy of the New York Mets. When the rubble was cleared away it could be seen that the Yankees had backed to within two games of Minnesota and three of Los Angeles. With September just ahead and the Angels coming into Yankee Stadium for a four-game series beginning on Labor Day, the American League, courtesy of the kindly old Yankees, had itself a pennant race after all.

Of course, no one truly believes that the Yankees have arranged to make it close. Talk to the team about its slump and you hear a story of fatigue, crowded schedules, law of averages and, yes, poor performance. Other American League managers, whistling in the light, were talking about the Yankee nose dive and attaching to it all sorts of significance, most of it self-serving. Al Lopez predicted the Twins would win, but pointed happily to the surge of his own White Sox. Baltimore's Billy Hitchcock thought it was

quite possible for the Yankees to lose, and Cleveland's Mel McGaha agreed. Sam Mele thought his Twins had stronger pitching than the Yankees and that this would lead the team to victory. L.A.'s Bill Rigney, just out of the hospital after a severe case of gastritis, the price of managing a contender, praised his scrappy Angels and predicted they could do it. Rival players, however, weren't convinced. Jackie Brandt of Baltimore spoke for most of the scarred old pros when he said: "If the Yankees had to they could win 10 games in a row. They win when they have to. They're not going to blow anything."

Brandt may be right, but it is a fact that the Yankees, while undoubtedly better than any other team in the American League, are not nearly as strong as they were a year ago (see box). Mickey Mantle, since returning to the lineup in June after a month-long injury, has been carrying on gamely, but there are days when even the TV viewers can see how much his legs still hurt. He has hit under .250 since mid-July. Roger Maris has hit only 31 home runs, good but not Ruthian, and his batting average is down. The fans are on him, and he has reciprocated their attentions with a few meaningful gestures of his own. "I'm just counting the days till the season's over," Maris said recently. "I'm ready to write the whole thing off." Other Yankee power hitters like John Blanchard, Moose Skowron and Yogi Berra have also fallen on evil days. Only Bobby Richardson, the slick second baseman, has hit consistently for the Yankees, and his hits are singles.

But if the hitting is sad, the pitching is sadder. Ralph Terry, a 20-game winner this year,⁵ has been strong, although he still carries with him that vulnerability to the home run. Whitey Ford is only a pale version of his '61 self, when he wound up 25-4. Marshall Bridges, in relief, has filled the Luis Arroyo gap, and Bill Stafford has been passable. But beyond that, the Yankees have been scrambling. Appearing on the mound in recent games has been a cluster of muskets ranging from the ghost of Bob Turley to a youngster named Jim Bouton who is so raw that in one game he threw his glove at a dribbler up the third-base line to knock it into foul territory. No wonder that Ryne Duren, the fast-balling ex-Yankee reliever who is now with the Angels, said wistfully a short while ago: "Down the stretch pitching always tells the story, and their pitching doesn't look so hot. They could be in real trouble."

While the Yankees have been feeling and looking a bit fragile this year, Minnesota and Los Angeles, the two unexpected challengers, have been superb. Minnesota, the stronger of the two, has been helped by its surprise young players, infielders Bernie Allen and Rich Rollins and Pitchers Jim Kaat and Jack Kralch. Los Angeles has got more than the maximum out of what on paper appears to be a team made up of dead sparrows and pieces of string. One of last year's expansion teams built with castoffs and recruits, the Angels have made General Manager Fred Haney and Manager Bill Rigney look like magicians, an accusation never in previous years hurled at either.

Yet, as well as these two teams had played, the pennant race, if there ever really was one, appeared to be over in early August. After hanging doggedly on to the Yankees' heels through the early summer, the Twins and Angels

YANKEES 1962 vs. YANKEES 1961

The Yankees are leading the American League, but they are not as strong as last year. As the chart indicates, many key Yankees are not matching their 1961 performances. The players who are slumping are shaded in gray.

HITTING		RUNS	HITS	HRs	RBIs	BA	
1961	HOWARD	48	125	14	58	.353	
1962		52	113	15	78	.272	
1961	MANTLE	114	147	48	114	.321	
1962		76	96	25	69	.296	
1961	SKOWRON	64	129	23	74	.277	
1962		51	104	19	69	.258	
1961	BERRA	54	93	18	54	.274	
1962		23	48	9	33	.235	
1961	MARIS	111	131	51	121	.269	
1962		87	129	31	85	.251	
1961	RICHARDSON	71	147	3	43	.267	
1962		79	172	8	50	.295	
1961	BOYER	49	96	8	41	.228	
1962		74	131	17	60	.276	
PITCHING		IP	HITS	BB	SO	W-L	ERA
1961	ARROYO	100	63	40	70	12-3	1.80
1962		30	30	16-18		1-2	5.10
1961	STAFFORD	154	129	45-78	12-7	2-63	
1962		178	153	64-84	11-8	3-58	
1961	TERRY	142	121	38-66	11-2	3-23	
1962		254	214	48-152	20-10	3-17	
1961	SHELDON	142	128	48-71	9-4	3-30	
1962		115	128	28-53	7-8	5-48	
1961	FORD	245	202	79-177	22-3	3-34	
1962		214	198	56-138	14-7	2-54	
1961	COATES	110	105	44-63	9-5	4-17	
1962		92	92	41-54	6-6	4-50	
1961	DALEY (KC NY)	155	182	61-91	9-16	4-65	
1962		88	90	18-46	6-4	3-68	



IN THE UNACCUSTOMED POSE OF BALLPLAYERS FIGHTING FOR A PENNANT, THE YANKEES GLOOMILY TAKE IN THE GAME ACTION

fell back as the Yankees won 23 out of 29 games to build up their six-and-a-half-game lead. At no time this season had the Yankees been more cheerful and confident of winning the pennant than on August 13th when they took to the road. The team was winning, Ford was pitching well and Mantle was feeling better. And Tony Kubek had returned from the Army, giving Ralph Houk the delightful problem of what to do with two good shortstops, Kubek and rookie Tom Tresh. It promised to be a tough road trip—17 games in 14 days—but there was no reason to suspect that it would be a disaster.

The Twins won the first of a four-game series when the Yankees played giveaway. Howard tried to go from first to second on a fly ball and was thrown out, killing a rally. Mavis got hit by a Mantle base hit and that stopped an even more promising rally. Tresh mowed up an important double play ball, Bud Daley, in relief, walked three men, and finally Kubek lost a line drive in the lights, letting three runs score. Manager Houk was philosophical: "We're lucky Tony wasn't hit in the face by that drive," he said. "A manager with a fat lead can afford to be kind."

The Yankees snapped back to win the next two games, but tossed away the finale on walks and a bloop hit. They continued their sloppy play in Kansas City, losing three out of five games, and then sat down to listen to an inspirational closed-door pep talk by Houk. Properly inspired (or perhaps shaken), the Yankees won two straight games in Los Angeles and were enjoying a fat lead in the third game when Ralph Terry started giving up home runs. The game went 13 innings. Houk had to use four pitchers, and the Yankees still lost. The team left the Coast at 10:30 at night and arrived exhausted and angry in Baltimore at 6:30 in the morning to face the nightmarish task of playing five games in 48 hours.

"If we can get back to Yankee Stadium from Baltimore

with as big a lead as we have now," Houk told Leonard Koppett of the *New York Post*, "I'll feel we're pretty well set for the rest of the season." As it turned out, the Yankees were lucky to get back alive. They lost all five.

After the final loss, different Yankees had different things to say. "We had a good safe lead coming into Baltimore," Bobby Richardson said. "We felt that even if we just split, we'd be all right. That isn't bearing down enough." Someone suggested to Ralph Houk that the six-game losing streak might indicate a trend. Houk bristled. "I wouldn't go betting too damn much money against us the rest of the way," he said. Only Whitey Ford, who had just lost a tough game, managed to keep his sense of humor. "It seems we've been on the road for three months," he said. "We'll be okay as soon as we get home to mamma."

Curiously, the Yankees' lead didn't shrink as much as it might have during the consecutive losses, because neither Minnesota nor Los Angeles could win consistently. The Yankee lead was still three games when they returned home to the Stadium. But neither the Stadium nor mamma halted their decline. They split four games with Cleveland, and the lead was pared to two over the Twins, three over the Angels. At week's end the Yankee lead was still a slim one, just about the right size to guarantee a full house at the Stadium when Los Angeles moved into New York for the big four-game series.

Even so, it seemed impossible that the Yankees could lose the pennant to either the Twins or the Angels. Of the three teams, the Yankees have the softest September schedule, and they are the undisputed world champions at the sport of winning-the-ones-you-need. "Let's see how those other guys get when they really get a chance," said Yogi Berra. The Yankees probably will win, just as they always win. Someday they're going to play it too close and get clipped—but not this year.

END

by KENNETH RUDEEN

PREACHER RUSSELL PUT HIS WORST FOOT FORWARD

Sanders Russell hopped off his crutches and into the sulky, then showed the way to a field of famous drivers in The Hambletonian

B overpowering 14 rivals in two straight heats of last week's \$116,000 Hambletonian Stake, a resolute old gentleman named Sanders Russell not only proved that his brawny coil, A.C.'s Viking, is the champion 3-year-old trotter of the land but also struck a blow against premature retirement. Fame reached out and embraced the previously obscure Mr. Russell at age 62, to the unalloyed delight of the country folk who comprised most of the 37,000 Hambletonian spectators at the Du Quoin (Ill.) State Fair.

Oh, there were anxious moments of doubt after the second heat (two mile-heats victories are required to win). At the finish it looked as if that celebrated driver, Johnny Simpson, a whippersnapper of 42 who year after year has his peek of some of our most fashionably bred colts, might have sneaked his ebony-black trotter Isaac in ahead of the Viking. The photo finish showed he had not, and a joyful cheer rolled out for Mr. Russell and his big bay horse.

Russell is always called Mr. Russell or Preacher, because of his dignified mien (SI, July 30), and he hails from the little Tennessee River valley town of Stevenson, Ala. He has no pulpit there but is a steward in the First Methodist Church. Now, with The Hambletonian won, he sat in his sulky in mid-track, surrounded by pretty, bare-legged local

high school girls dressed in racing silks, and smiled a dignified ghost of a smile for the photographers. He looked very much as though he'd just seen a \$50 bill drop in his collection plate back home and didn't want to chortle right out loud.

"When I asked him for it," he said of the Viking, his pale-blue eyes twinkling behind steel-rimmed Grandma Moses spectacles, "he had enough to get home. He usually does."

Mr. Russell had dislocated his right ankle in a racing accident five weeks before. There was a heavy bandage on the still-painful ankle (a cast had just been removed), and he wore a tennis shoe, which rested against a padded foot support while he drove. From the sulky he stepped into the crutches on which he had been hobbling ever since the accident. Courage? Fortitude? Mr. Russell has them, although he admitted he "didn't know he had an ankle" in the flush of combat.

Then another old gentleman joined Mr. Russell in Du Quoin's Victory Lane. He was Andrew C. Petersen, 69, the millionaire milkman from West Hartford, Conn., who owns the Viking and has also risen from obscurity. "Thank you, thank you," A. C. said to one and all. Then he sat in the shade of Du Quoin's quaint old double-roofed judges' pagoda and spoke of the wonders of America.

"I was one of 21 sons and daughters

on a farm in Jutland in Denmark," he said, "and, naturally, I wanted to leave home. I did not want to go on milking cows and shoveling manure for \$100 a year. I wanted to go to America and be a cowboy."

"When I was 19 I sailed across in steerage and landed with \$50, which I had borrowed, in my pocket. I didn't know a word of English. I had an uncle in Hartford, so I went to Hartford and got a job in a leather shop—\$8 a week for 60 hours' work. My uncle thought I was crazy to give up the security of that job to become a milkman."

Crazy like a fox, the immigrant boy drove here and there delivering milk, spotted farm land that would obviously have to be absorbed by an expanding Hartford, saved and borrowed, and bought land cheap and sold dear. Today he has eight dairy farms, buys milk from 100 additional farms and has sales running to \$3 million a year.

It was not until 1945 that Petersen bought his first harness horse—the broodmare Volo Mae. She foaled Petersen's onetime world champion mare Volo A. C., who is the dam of—good guess—A.C.'s Viking. Steamship agents used to tell impressionable immigrants that milk and honey flowed in the streets of American cities. For Petersen it has been milk and money all the way.

Everything, it seems, conspired to make the texture of this year's Hambletonian rich, varied, pleasurable and apple-pie American. The weather was ideal—hot, as southern Illinois always is in August, but quite bearable in the sun and cool in the shade of lofty pin oak trees. A city dweller looked gratefully upon neat, red-trimmed white stables and varicolored racing tack strewn beneath stable-side awnings; upon the horseshoer's clangorous, rustic tent, upon the pleasant bustle of livestock show rings and an old-fashioned carnival midway, and upon the droll antics of George Burns and Carol Channing, stars of an open-air show.

The race itself was a dandy, as everyone knew it would be when post positions were announced. Rarely had the best horses drawn so poorly. Five were to start in the second tier, behind a front

row 10 sulkies wide, and each of the five trailers was a possible winner. The Viking drew the outside 15th spot, Impish, fastest trotter at 2 in harness history, was two places inside of him, and Spry Rodney, another brilliant filly, was next inside Impish. Spry was stuck behind a slow, forgettable beast named Double T, a somewhat frivolous entry and Spry's driver, Del Miller, turned that he'd have to get a fiberglass pole to vault over this probable roadblock.

Two other sharp fillies, Sprite Red-

nev and Worth Seem, drew posts 5 and 7. Between them was Joe O'Brien's swift but unsound colt Safe Mission. The miserable 10th post on the extreme outside of the first tier went to Isaac.

"I can't accurately say what's going to happen at the start," mused Mr. Russell, leaning on his crutches in the paddock. "Luckily we drew in behind one of the best leavers, Sprite Rodney, and that should help us. My horse worked a fine mile last week in 2:00 4/5. He just eats, rests and trots. He's a good ath-

lete, and he lets me do the driving."

Because the veteran Frank Ervin trains both Impish and Sprite Rodney and undoubtedly thought Impish the better filly, there was speculation that he might have Eddie Wheeler, up behind Sprite, choke her back at the start to give Russell trouble right away. But no such hanky-panky occurred.

As the starting gate's wide white wings folded, Sprite was away flying, with the Viking right with her. Russell had his big Hoot Mon colt tucked neatly against the rail, up near the front, as the field swung into the first turn. He didn't have to pull out again until deep into the stretch at the eighth pole. Some thought he might never be able to get out. But, as Russell said later, the Viking "found a little place to get his nose through, and then here he come."

And how? Fifth when he began to move, the Viking swung three horses wide and murdered the others with great ground-devouring strides, winning the heat by 1 3/4 lengths in the extremely fast time of 1:59 3/5. Safe Mission finished second, ahead of Impish, who had been in front for most of the heat but was laboring at the wire. She had not raced for five weeks and probably was short, as horsemen say.

Russell did not risk being pinned to the rail in the second heat. After racing in fifth place to the half he pulled out, went two horses wide in the turn and again got from the Viking a stunning stretch drive. This time Simpson slipped through along the rail with Isaac, closed with astonishing power but ran out of track. It was the Viking in 2:00 flat, by the shortest of heads.

Meeting at Du Quoin the day after the race, The Hambletonian Society voted to postpone until October 21 a decision on where to hold the stake in 1964 and afterward. Gene and Don Hayes, who have staged it with style and beauty at their Du Quoin fair since 1957, will have the race again next year at least. They deserve to keep it for many more.

END

STILL HOLDING WHIP, Mr. Russell marches toward winner's circle after two-heat victory.





What's the Girl Up To?

The amazement shown on the face of Ann Baker, 17 (*left*), a Maryville, Tenn. high school senior, is really just concern about one of her drives in the National Women's Amateur Championship in Rochester, N.Y., last week. But real amazement was justified when Ann's principal rival (*right*) blasted her way out of a sand trap with—of all clubs—a wood. Nobody, except maybe the blonde Kirkland, Wash. champion, JoAnne Gunderson, would try such a shot and hope to come out alive. But unaccountable JoAnne, with the boldness that had twice won her this tournament, landed the ball just off the green—and went on to win the tournament once more (*see page 82*). Amazed Ann Baker was a disappointed runner-up.

James Doyle



The Great Alaska



Silver Rush



The lure of gold made Alaska famous, but to fishermen in Resurrection Bay the metal most worth pursuing is silver—the silver that glints in the scales of the silver salmon, Alaska's gamest gamefish. Each year fishermen from all over the U.S. and Canada journey to Seward for the annual Silver Salmon Derby, and this year more turned up than ever before. In the hurrying fleet of boats shown here as they roared out of Seward harbor on one of the derby's two successive weekends are some of the more than 3,000 anglers who came from 28 states to try their luck. But it was a Seward man, Herb Stetson, who hooked the \$3,000 prize with a record-breaking silver that weighed 16 pounds 6 ounces and seemed a fair match for a small-sized blonde.

SMILING WIZARD OF THE CUP DEFENSE

Bus Mosbecher's big grin has iron and experience behind it, and he'll need both to defend the 111-year-old tradition of the cup America he's never lost

by **GILBERT ROGIN**



The first, and quite often the last, impression one has on meeting Emil (Bus) Mosbacher Jr. (left), the skipper of the America's Cup defender *Weatherly*, is his smile. Our generation has been so wantonly smiled upon and beamed at by its heroes, politicians and Miss Rhinogolds that the grin, as an expression of amusement or affection or indeed anything, has become about as worthless as an empty milk container. Mosbacher's smile somehow transcends this toothy prodigality, perhaps because the man himself is a throwback to a more charming, gracious and respectful age. It is singularly radiant, nigh on perpetual and, if its springs are sometimes bulging, it is always, and clearly, well meant.

The first, and quite often the last, impression one has of Mosbacher on reading his infrequent quotes in the newspapers is that he is a well-bred marshmallow. His remarks are characteristically bland, brief and beside the point. Mosbacher has been properly brought up, but he is not an animated marshmallow. Despite a gentleman, and highly circumspect, he will never publicly criticize another skipper or boat or, as a matter of fact, say anything that can possibly be construed as rash, controversial or capacious.

Mosbacher, in keeping with his style, is also conspicuously modest. The other day, when he was asked why he had rejected a publisher's offer to write a book on sailing technique, he replied: "If you're going to write on a subject you should know it." Bus Mosbacher, as even he must be aware, is considered, at 40, to be the finest helmsman of our time. "We call him The Wizard," says Vic Romagna, *Weatherly's* foredeck chief and spinnaker man, himself acclaimed the world's best in those departments. "After I've sailed with a man for a time I always can tell what he's going to do next," Romagna says. "I'm seldom wrong with Bus—but then I equivocate. I allow him two or three choices!"

"The other boats actually are scared of him. When we come to the line you can see them squirm like eels. Once when we made a mistake and another boat crossed first, her skipper was so shook up he made a mistake and we passed

him." ("Starts," Mosbacher has said, serenely, "are of great importance. In a fleet race a good 25% in a match race, such as the America's Cup, perhaps 50%...")

Mosbacher's sense of decency is as unflagging and natural as his incredible smile. "Bus is the kind of guy you can sit down with while he has five gin and tonics," an acquaintance says, "thinking, at last I'll see the real Mosbacher, but he'll never say one thing that's out of line or knocks a soul. He just keeps right on smiling. You know, I've got to say it: he's really a nice guy!" His discretion is similarly rigorous. He was reluctant, for instance, to let it be known that his 10-year-old son had tears in his eyes when he broke the news to his father that *Weatherly* had been selected as the cup defender. "Ten-year-old boys aren't supposed to cry," Mosbacher says. "He might be embarrassed."

It was just like Bus not to have been at the Newport Shipyard pier, where *Weatherly* ties up, when the selection committee launch came alongside with the good word. Although almost everyone on the dock thought *Weatherly* would be chosen after handily defeating *Neferiti* in the final trials for the third straight time, Mosbacher had calmly led his crew to Scafar, the Newport mansion they occupy this summer, instead of standing by. "The feeling was," he says lamely, "that the committee hoped to see us again in a little more breeze. It made for one nice thing, though. I had finished showering when my two older boys [Mosbacher, who is married to the former Patricia Ryan, has three sons: Emil III, 10, Richard Bruce, 9, and John D., 6] bounded into my room, the oldest a step ahead, of course. Daddy, Daddy," they cried, "you won, you won!" "I know, I won, sons," I told them. "No, Daddy," they said, "you were selected!" And how did Mosbacher feel at that consequential moment? "Well," he answered cautiously, "you remember when you wanted a red bicycle for Christmas real bad, and then Christmas morning finally came and you crept downstairs and there it was?"

When he isn't sailing, Mosbacher works in what he calls "a small family

business"—an oil, natural gas and real estate investment concern which was founded by his father, who is now semi-retired. "We consider Dad chairman of the entertainment committee," Bus says.

A generous man with little use for new-fangled devices, Emil Sr. was delighted when, pinch-hitting for Bus in his New York office this summer, he found that the check-writing machine had made an error. While certainly not Standard Oil, the firm is no "small family business". Bus and his kid brother Bob, 35, who directs the Houston branch, employ about 100 people. Bob Mosbacher is an outstanding sailor in his own right. In 1958 he won both the Mallory Cup and the Southern Ocean Racing Conference championship.

The brouhaha attending the America's Cup races and the publicity his success has brought him embarrass and distress Mosbacher, although, naturally, he is too courteous to complain about it. He is bewildered when reporters he hardly knows casually stroll into Scafar and join him at the breakfast table. He feels that, as an amateur, he should not be subject to the same invasions of privacy that, say, a Mickey Mantle, who is paid for his heroism, suffers. He won't admit it, but Bus would be just delighted if the cup races could be sailed in his bathtub back home in White Plains, N.Y.

Although Mosbacher has the glowing and, at times, even eerie good nature of a Prince Myshkin or, perhaps more appropriately, a Billy Budd—the smile, for example, seems to indicate an awareness, however naively arrived at, of a joy or goodness beyond common experience—he has iron in him. His triumphs as a sailor—Junior Champion of Long Island Sound, Intercollegiate Champion two years in a row at Dartmouth, dominance in Long Island Internationals after his wartime service in the Navy, canny leadership of *Vim* in the 1958 cup trials and the SORC title in 1959—are as much due to the way he selects and molds a crew and his qualities of command as to his attention to detail and design, his brilliant starts and his peerless work to windward. "He took an old creak of a boat and made it go," Romagna says,

continued

"but, more important, he took 10 guys and molded them together."

"On *Weatherly*," Moshbacher says firmly, "I like to hear any well-thought-out, reasonable suggestion—our's. O.K., thank you," I'll reply. I don't want to hear it again. I may have possession of a bit of information he doesn't have, but I don't want to take the time to explain it. A good crew should serve as assistant eyes, but only to give me information, not to say 'Hey, look at the dame in the yellow bikini.' Well, I guess that's all right, too. I give the only orders. It is not a democracy."

"What I demand most in a member of my crew is thought, the ability to think of what he's going to do next," Moshbacher has said. "I want a good seaman, but he also has to be intelligent, a nice person who'll give me no backwater, temperament or excitability. Of course, he can't be lacking in a degree of physical agility or strength. I know this sounds like the Boy Scout oath. The most important thing is the ability to work together. I'm not interested in brawn or reputation. I sailed with all but two of our crew before this summer. That's the sign of a mispent youth, I guess; you meet a lot of people. And I've had the same 10 guys with me since we started in May. One of the boats had 30-odd people on and off it."

There is no question of the loyalty of *Weatherly's* crew. "If one of us honchos goof's," says Romagna, "he says to the guy next to him, 'Give me a knife, I want to cut my throat.'"

"There were some mistakes when we first started racing," Crewman Don Matthews recalls. "We'd foul up something and only those who knew Bus could sense the displeasure. There was no yelling, no threats, no curses. [Moshbacher is incapable of shouting. In fact, his voice is so mild his commands have to be relayed forward.] Bus would say, 'We're going to jibe the spinnaker just as we get to the mark. I'll give the word and I know we'll do a much better job this time.' It wasn't much, only a bit of assurance that our crew was better than we thought it was. It was also a small tip that we had better be better, just a small hint that the jibe could be completed better than it had been, and all the time he has that friendly smile on his face. You know we did it better the next time and even better than that later."

Vic Romagna remembers a disastrous day in the trials this summer when a spinnaker went into the water. "I rushed back to the stern to get it hauled aboard," Romagna says, "feeling terrible at having let Bus down. He gave me a tight little smile as I passed. 'Don't jump!' he said."

"Bus's crew has confidence in him both as a sailor and as a man," says Teddy Hood, skipper of *Nefertiti* and the celebrated sail designer. Hood sails are also on *Weatherly* and *Gretel*. "Weatherly," Hood argues, "is 50'." Moshbacher. He might even have brought *Larner* [which won only one race] into the finals. He has concentration and experience. Some people have the experience but can't concentrate. He has more experience than the rest of us to call on for every little thing that comes up. The fellow that writes the book on yacht racing may not be the best sailor. It's the fellow that remembers what's in it and can apply this knowledge at the right time."

"Most of yacht racing," Moshbacher says, "is study, work and development. There are no radical breakthroughs, like suddenly discovering you can hit a golf ball farther if you use the back of your club. It is a combination of chess and bridge, with a certain amount of physical ability thrown in. It is tactics, strategy, organization and a happy association with nice people. It is also a game of details. [Weatherly's changes, for instance, are not only in her keel, ballast, stern and boom—Moshbacher and his advisers also systematically removed every bit of excess hardware topside, where weight hurts the most.] Some people think we're overdelegated and overspecialized, but you've got to be precise."

"Bus is a perfectionist," Romagna says. "He doesn't miss a thing. You might not hear about it for two days, but you'll hear about it."

Bus is a diminutive for Buster, a hated nickname he says came home from the hospital with him. He didn't go for Emil, either ("Every kid," he contends, "wants to be named Tom, Dick or Harry") and he told his wife it would be over "my dead body" if she named their first son Emil. She did, of course, and Bus has survived. But he does have positive, if curious, ideas about his kids' education. "I don't think," he says, "a husband should teach his wife to drive any more than he should teach his sons sailing. I'm trying to get them to learn without me. They went to a sailing camp this summer, and they loved it. But, thank

God, sailing hasn't developed a population of teachers. It isn't overpriced like golf and tennis."

Although Bus has sailed in almost every kind of boat since he first held a tiller at 4½, he considers it a ridiculous question when asked which class he likes the best. "The greatest place to sail is in a dinghy," he says, "but it's like saying which is better—a soufflé, a steak or just a cold glass of water. At different times and in different circumstances you like or want different things. They say you climb a mountain because it is there. Well, this particular mountain is the America's Cup, and a 12-meter is absolutely a magnificent vehicle for this kind of race. It's a tremendously exciting, interesting thing sailing these 12s, it's the sport to the nth degree: design, seamanship, teamwork. But, you know something, with all the sailing I've done, I still sometimes say to myself, even yes, right in the middle of the elimination series: 'What am I doing here?'"

One afternoon last week Moshbacher sat in his corner office 35 stories above New York's Madison Avenue. From his window he watched the *Queen Elizabeth* go up the Hudson. It was an omen. The next day he learned that a committee representing marine management, labor and the Maritime Administration had chosen him as the first recipient of a trophy for outstanding seamanship. His acceptance speech will, no doubt, break all records for diffidence.

Bus talked about the America's Cup, that almost repellicently ornate silver jug. "It has become," he said, "the finest symbol in sport. It's one of the few things left in this world that's a symbol of the way things used to be. There are all too few fine things left." He was interrupted by a phone call. "You know," he said, "one of the best things about sailing is that this damn thing can't ring out there." His caller had asked him how he felt about being selected as the defender. "I'm very delighted," he had replied, "but awful scared."

"About three months ago," he explained, "I was having lunch with two friends at the New York Yacht Club, which has kept the America's Cup in a glass case for 111 years. I was asked if I knew what they'd put in that case if we lost the cup. 'The skull of the guy who lost it,' I was told, 'with a little round hole right here.'" Moshbacher jabbed himself lightly between the eyes. Of course, he was smiling. END

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by TEX MAULE

A MAN FOR *Since 1958, meticulous Paul Brown has won battles and lost wars. This may be his year* THIS SEASON

Paul Brown, the suave, keen-eyed and somewhat militant appearing gentleman on the opposite page, is one of the most controversial men in the world of football. During the last five years he has won more games than any other coach in the National Football League, but followers in Cleveland often think of him as a loser. He has been accused, by his own players and others, of using an outmoded, stereotyped offense, actually he is as inventive as any coach in the game today and is responsible for originating ideas about offense that changed the face of defensive football. In the operation of his football machine, the Cleveland Browns he is the only man in pro football to have a team named after him; he is as cold as a Comptometer. At home, between seasons, he is a warm, gregarious man, fond of music, gin rummy, golf and small children. This year, after four frustrating seasons during which his players have always come close but have not won a conference championship, Brown's Browns are likely to win one. If they do, Brown will be the least surprised man around. In

the past 16 years he has won more championships than any pro coach. "I have never had a team which I felt could not win the championship," he said recently, without self-consciousness. "I feel the same way about this one."

Last year the Browns finished third after a turbulent season in which Milt Plum, the Brown quarterback, complained bitterly because Brown, as usual, called all the offensive plays for the team. Plum has since been traded to the Detroit Lions for Jim Nance, an ex-Brown quarterback who declared, when he heard that he was on his way back to Cleveland, that he would rather retire than play for Brown. Paul Brown was "dinged," as he calls it, in the press for being unimaginative and for restricting his quarterback on the use of audible signals. Almost every other quarterback in pro football is allowed to change signals, even those sent in by his coach, if he discovers a radically changed defense awaiting him at the line of scrimmage. Not Brown's quarterback, however—a fact that many Cleveland spectators have found infuriating.

Brown, characteristically, has never bothered to answer his critics, in print or verbally. Nor has he changed his offense or his system. His messenger guards still shuttle back and forth with plays called from the bench. Were it possible, Brown would send in the signals by radio. Several years ago, in fact, he *did* devise a small receiving set to be worn in the helmet by his quarterback. He had to give up his direct communication system, though, after his signals were intercepted by an opposing team.

To ignore the attacks of his detractors and the compliments of his admirers has been a Brown trait for almost as long as he has been in football. Early in his pro career Brown summed up his attitude toward the sport. Playing before a huge crowd, his Browns had just lost a football game—a thing they hardly ever did in those days—and someone offered the attendance figures as consolation to the coach. "You play this game to win," Brown said morosely. "Winning is not bad. I would rather win before 10,000 than lose before 80,000."

This capsule Paul Brown's football
continues on

philosophy neatly, if not completely. In his personal life he enjoys winning and tries hard to beat his friends at everything, particularly gin rummy and golf, but he finds time and uses it for things other than winning and, as often as not, he can even lose graciously. Thus he cannot do in football, where winning long ago became an obsession, not a joy. Brown's split attitude about winning

"I'm 5 feet 11," he had pointed out testily to a photographer during the afternoon. "I am not a small man."

Brown is, however, slender—which gives him the appearance of being small. He has lost his hair and almost always wears a hat. He is carefully groomed and very well dressed, most of the time in a brown ensemble. He looks like a trim, intelligent attorney who probably played

in the morning and take me out there. Of course, no one showed up. I guess they didn't even know I was alive. I wasted all morning with my bag packed, and then I realized they weren't coming for me. I couldn't eat or sleep for the next two days."

Finally, Brown's father, a railroad employee in Massillon, bundled up the youngster and took him to Turkeyfoot Lake, where the Massillon team was training. Dave Stewart, the coach, needed a hundred-pound quarterback like he needed a seventh-string water boy. Why he accepted the skinny 13-year-old no one knows. He did, though.

"More than anyone else, he taught me to love football and to enjoy it," Brown said 40 years later. "I got a lot of my football philosophy from Stewart."

Paul grew from a 100-pound weakling to a 140-pound upstart under Stewart's coaching. He was the regular quarterback for the Massillon team his last two years. So closely did his mind mesh with Stewart's that the coach let Brown make the substitutions from the field during his senior year. The experience, Brown feels, probably started him on his way to coaching.

"I went to Ohio State then," Brown said. He interrupted his story for a moment when two little girls, dragging a reluctant puppy, ran up to him and stopped, waiting expectantly. He fished in his pocket and came up with candy, which he gave them. "I always carry candy for them," he said as the girls ran away. "I've always wished Katy and I had a girl." (They have three sons, all of them at one time or another football players. Peter, 19, is currently a sophomore linebacker at Denison University in Ohio. Mike, 26, a Cleveland lawyer, was first-string quarterback at Dartmouth; and Robin, 29, now a manufacturer in Arkansas, played briefly at Miami in Florida before an injury cut short his career.)

"They didn't want any 140-pound backs at Ohio State," Brown said, resuming his reminiscence. "I stayed there a year and found out I wasn't going to get a chance, and transferred to Miami of Ohio the next year. It cost me a year's eligibility, but I got to play two years of college football."

Brown weighed 154 as quarterback at Miami. Says George Rider, who was athletic director there at the time: "When he played for us he had legs that

continued



AT CHRISTMAS PARTY, Brown and wife Katy are photographed with sons Pete (left), a defensive back at Denison University, and Mike, who played quarterback at Dartmouth.

mark's very clearly the basic difference between the Paul Brown of August through December, when he is boss of the Cleveland Browns, and the entirely different human being who bears the same name from December until August, when he is with his family.

Six weeks ago the nonfootball Paul Brown strolled happily through the wide streets of Shaker Heights in the best section of Cleveland. He had just finished a very good dinner cooked by Katy, his wife. Football, the active season, was just a few weeks and 25 miles away. It would begin, as always, at the Browns' training camp in Hiram, Ohio.

Brown walked briskly. He has often been described as a small man, but he is not, except in the context of pro football, where anyone shorter than 6 feet 3 and lighter than 230 pounds is apt to be thought of as a midget.

football in high school but wasn't quite big enough to make the team at college. This probably is what Paul Brown would have been had he not been infected, early in his life, with a passionate, almost obsessive, love for football.

"I don't remember when that started," Brown said as he strode down the cool, tree-lined street. "I remember very clearly when I first felt it. I was living in Massillon, Ohio, and I was just about to start high school. The Massillon High School football team had a training camp that opened two weeks before school started. I weighed about 100 pounds, but I had always thought that when I started high school I would automatically go to the camp. It never occurred to me that I wouldn't."

"The night before the camp started that year I packed a bag and got ready. I thought somebody would pick me up



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looked like gas pipes. He was one of the smallest but smartest quarterbacks I've ever seen anywhere."

Brown survived. When he finished at Miami he began, in 1930, what has since become undoubtedly the most successful coaching career, at all levels, in the history of football.

His high school teams (Severn Prep and Massillon) in 11 years won 96 games, lost nine and tied three. At Massillon his teams outscored opponents 3,202 to 339. At Ohio State, from 1941 through 1943, Brown won 18 games, lost eight and tied one. His service team, Great Lakes Naval Station, won 15, lost five and tied two in two seasons.

It was while he was coaching at Great Lakes that Brown was persuaded to sign as head football coach and general manager of the Cleveland Browns. Arch Ward, then the sports editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and a prime mover in the formation of the old All-America Football Conference, induced Brown to give up college football for the pros. Since Mackey McBride, the Cleveland owner, offered Brown \$25,000 a year plus 15% of the team's profit and a retainer of \$1,000 a month during the rest of Brown's service in the Navy, it did not take much persuasion. Had Brown returned to Ohio State, his salary would have been \$9,000 a year.

"In spite of the money, I debated with myself a long time," Brown said. "I liked college and high school coaching, and I wasn't sure that I would like coaching the pros because I did not know if they would have the same kind of spirit. I'm tickled to death that I took it, though. I suppose if I had been a millionaire I'd have paid to coach. From the beginning I had it in my head like a tune running around in my mind."

On taking the Cleveland job with McBride, Brown said: "I am an amateur at heart, and we'll probably be the most amateurish professional football team in the country."

Brown, using almost exactly the same rigid schoolboy approach that had been successful at Massillon and Ohio State, produced not only the most amateurish but the best professional football team in the country. He proved that conclusively when the All-America Conference folded after the 1949 season and the Browns, Baltimore Colts and San Francisco 49ers moved into the National Football League.

"Probably the two most satisfying victories of my life came during the 1950 season," Brown says. "You may remember the feeling in the National Football League then. The oldtimers thought we had done pretty well in the All-America Conference but we wouldn't stand a chance against the *real* pro teams in the NFL."

The first test of strength for the Browns in the NFL came in the opening game of the regular season, when they were matched against the Philadelphia Eagles, who the year before had won the NFL championship.

The score was 35-10 in favor of the Browns. The victory was engineered with typical attention to detail. The Eagles had depended upon a massive five-man line for defense, placing much reliance on Bucko Kilroy, a 280-pound giant at middle guard.

"We began spreading our offensive line a few inches on each play," Brown said, grinning. "Of course, their defensive linemen took post on the shoulder of an offensive man, so they began to spread, too. Before long that big middle guard was isolated over the center with no one in position to help him." The Browns, who had been stopped on the ground, now found it easy to march through the attenuated Eagle defense. This in turn helped set up their tremendous passing game, quarterbacked by Otto Graham.

The Browns finished out their first NFL season by defeating the Los Angeles Rams 30-28 on a gelid afternoon in Cleveland and winning the championship. The NFL doubters were effectively silenced.

There are still many doubters who cannot believe that you can manage a large group of grown professional players with the same dictatorial—and often puritanical—authority that many high schools impose with difficulty on 15-year-olds. Brown, more than any other man in football, is living proof that it not only can be done, but can be enormously successful. If some of the players don't like the stern regimen that Brown imposes on them, at least they seem to respect him.

The gist of Brown's amateur approach is contained in a speech he makes to the Cleveland squad at the beginning of training camp each year. He rehearsed it

in his office some time ago, reading his typed manuscript carefully. He stopped once in a while, peering over the top of the half-moon glasses he wears for paper work, to judge its effect on his listeners. Each year he makes notes on the manuscript, recording the reaction of the squad. Later he writes in small editorial changes to gain more impact. The speech lasts some three hours. In it Brown explains what he expects from a Cleveland football player, physically, mentally and morally. It covers the behavior Brown expects in every phase of life from table manners to open-field blocking.

"We don't want any butchers on this team," part of it goes. "No T shirts in the dining hall. Don't eat with your elbows on the table and eat quietly. We all eat together, every meal, and I want no cliques. I want you to eat at different tables each meal. There is no excuse for missing a meal unless it comes from me. Not an assistant coach or any other official, but from me. I will be at each meal, and I expect you to be."

Brown also warns his players against drinking, smoking and evil companions. "We intend to have good people," he says, "because that's the kind that win the big ones. If you're a drinker or a chaser you'll weaken the team and we don't want you. We're just here for one thing, to win. If I hear you've been drinking, I'll ask you in front of the squad. If you have, you're through. If you have and deny it, you've branded yourself a liar in front of the team."

"You are to watch your dress, your language and the company you keep. When we're traveling, stay away from that stranger who may want to take you to dinner or talk to you in a hotel lobby. Maybe he isn't a gambler or after information, but stay away from him anyway."

"The rules for training camp and on the road are simple. In your room at 10 and lights out at 10:30. Sometimes the coaches make a bed check. There is an automatic fine of \$500 for any player who sneaks out after bed check. That sticks, too. I have had to levy fines in the past and I have never rescinded one for subsequent good behavior or meritorious performance."

Brown delivers this speech with deadly seriousness, his blue-gray eyes cold. His own personal habits and table manners are impeccable. He expects the same from his players.

"A few years ago we had a big end,"

continued



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he said after the rehearsal. "I heard he chewed tobacco and spit it on the wall next to his bed. Can you imagine that?"

He peered over his glasses. "I went to his room," he said. "I told him that I would fine him \$500 if he didn't wash down the walls. Then I stood and watched him wash them. Can you imagine living with an animal like that?" The player went on to become All-Pro. Yet there was always, in Brown's mind, a reservation about him.

"If they're sloppy, or drinkers or chasers or whiners, it will show up eventually," he said. "Maybe they can fool us for a little while. Maybe they can even fool

I tell the players when they come to camp that the coaches will never raise their voices or curse the players, but we will always let them know where they stand. They know that."

Brown, incidentally, imposes the same restrictions on himself as he does on the team. Although he takes an occasional social drink during the off season, he gives it up entirely—along with gin rummy and golf—from the day he goes to camp until after the Browns play their final game of the season.

A few years ago, during a road trip, a Cleveland official gave a champagne party for Brown to celebrate his birthday.

"If Mr. Lawson pays \$65 a month rent and earns a salary of \$3,120 a year, what percent of his salary does he pay for rent?"

"What is the opposite of diminutive—distracted, large, inductive or reluctant?" "If lemons sell at three for 10¢, how much will a dozen and a half cost?"

"If the sequence of numbers is 4, 6, 3, 7, 9, 6, 10 what should be the next number?"

The Browns have been given as many as 126 questions of this kind to answer. Some finish the whole examination. Others skip through and mark down the answers they are sure of.

"No one has ever turned in a perfect score," Paul said. "But the test is helpful in appraising the players, particularly the rookies. Some years ago the test showed that one of our rookies would make a fine carpenter. That's exactly what he eventually became."

While Paul Brown's coaching system requires the quick intelligence of his players, it probably demands less, physically, than any other system in pro football.

"We don't scrimmage," Brown says. "Not in training camp, not during the season. We only work four days a week during the season. I've always thought that a coach who has to scrimmage his team two or three times a week does it only because he doesn't know what else to do. It is not necessary."

Brown splits his squad into four units, each working under an assistant coach. The guards and centers rehearse their assignments under one coach, the tackles under another, the ends under a third and the backfield under a fourth—Brown. Working separately, each unit reruns its assignments in a particular play over and over, so that no time is wasted and every man on the squad is active each minute of the short (four and a half) practice.

"It's like building a Cadillac," says Brown, who drives one. "You machine the parts to perfection, put them together, tune them and the engine runs."

It has been seven years since Paul Brown has won a national championship. The last time he took a conference title was in 1957. During the last half of this sore and yellow time, it has been rumored increasingly that Brown's cold and seemingly unsympathetic approach to his players has alienated him from some of them. You can, if you look hard enough, find players who



ON SIDELINES. Brown goes over strategy with grim End Leon Clarke (81) and other Cleveland players. A stern boss, Brown only now is beginning to allow quarterback to call plays.

themselves. But it will show up eventually, even after they have quit football for good."

Brown is especially unhappy about whiners.

"I don't want a player going home to his wife and complaining," he says. "I don't want wives griping about the treatment of their husbands. A whiner is almost always wrong, if he isn't doing well he knows it and we know it. If he goes home and complains to his wife, she'll make it a big thing, and it shouldn't be. Wives have no place in pro football. If a player is not producing, we'll tell him.

Brown attended only briefly and he refused the champagne.

"I'm going to eat with the team," he told his host. "I insist that they don't drink. So I don't drink either."

Brown wants his players to be fit and intelligent. Almost every man on his team has a degree; the ones who do not can earn a bonus by going back to college to acquire one. Tommy James, one of the Browns' best defensive backs, was given \$500 for getting his. Each year Brown has had players take an intelligence test (SI, August 7, 1961); some of the questions:

worked for Brown and hated him. Most of them have been traded to other clubs for one of the suns, other than lack of ability, that Brown will not countenance: loafing, drinking and chiving women.

Like most good ex-Browns, Otto Graham, whose differences with Brown were more hinted than explicit, respects his former coach for his ability to handle men.

"I remember when we were playing in the old conference," he says. "We had a string of something like 29 games without being beaten. Then we played in San Francisco and we lost 56-28. We scored enough. We just couldn't stop them. It was one of those days when they couldn't do anything wrong. After the game he chewed us out. I mean he really let us have it. He said we'd all be fired—and a lot of other things. Remember, we had gone 29 games without losing. We were all mad when he finished.

"But Brown is a great psychologist. And, you know, we were self-satisfied. The next game we went down to Los Angeles and beat the Dons 61-14. So I guess his chewing us out the way he did accomplished his purpose.

"He did a lot for me," Graham concludes. "Most important, he taught me that if you want to be successful you've got to dedicate yourself and concentrate entirely upon it."

More persistent criticism of Brown has come from those who say that he has become stagnant and the mainstream of pro football strategy has passed him by. Most of this talk has centered around Brown's use of Graham, who was the quarterback for the Browns during the summer of their glory. At Northwestern, before he came to the Browns, Graham had been an inventive signal-caller. For the first two or three years he played under Brown he called a few plays himself. Then Brown, who had analyzed the situation with his customary thoroughness, decided to send in his own plays. This was the beginning of the messenger system developed by Brown, who shuffled in a new guard before every offensive play.

"Brown," Graham said recently, "maintains that a quarterback gets stereotyped in his calls. And that's right. You don't even realize it. Why, when San Francisco had the hall down on our 20, we used to feel certain that Frankie Albert would call the bootleg

(Continued)



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run-or-pass option, and he usually did."

"Brown's reasoning was sound," Graham feels. "But he failed to realize that he himself could become stereotyped."

Although he disagreed with Brown, Graham did not contravene the calls Graham now coaches at the Coast Guard Academy and himself sends in many plays to the quarterback. But he tries to do so without undermining the boy's position as a leader. "As to Paul Brown, or any other coach, calling plays," he says, "any quarterback appreciates all the help he can get, from the bench or from the men on the field. But I have always felt that a coach should not call each and every play, especially when he has an experienced quarterback."

Most bothersome to Graham was the fact that he was not permitted to call audibles. "In my years with the Browns," he says, "Brown could never be convinced that audibles were a good thing. So we never really used them."

Consequently, many of the plays sent in by Brown were run against defenses stacked to stop them. Graham admits, however, that the plays rarely lost yardage or were stopped for no gain. The well-oiled, carefully machined Brown offense made sure of that. "We were so well schooled that the plays usually didn't lose yards," says Graham.

But in recent years they didn't always gain much either. An ex-Brown, now on another team, who once played in the offensive line for the Browns, said, "Our quarterback could change a running play one hole to either direction. If you were going inside tackle, you could go outside. Of course, this was only on running plays. There were never any changes on passes. When we were playing the Giants we used to get a play from the messenger guard in the huddle, come out to the line of scrimmage and Andy Robustelli would tell me what the play was. I had a hell of a time blocking Andy when he *didn't* know the play. What chance did I have when he did?"

Aside from the audibles, Graham, along with many others, thinks that Brown's offense of the last few years could be heasily read. "Quite frankly," he says, "this is not just my opinion. You hear others comment on it. And we've all heard those stories about fans sitting in the stands and calling all the plays in advance." (More important, for several years now the Giant defense has seemed to know before the next Brown guard

rushed on the field what play he would be carrying.)

For all his criticism, Graham does not consider that Brown has fallen behind the course of football. "Actually, when I played, other teams were always making changes to keep up with us. We were the first to use the sideline pass as much as we did. (It was this play that beat Los Angeles in 1950.) When other coaches caught up with Brown, he would change.



TOM WILSON, halfback from Rams, gives Brown "big back" backfield like Green Bay's



JIM MINKOWSKI, quarterback from Detroit, adds leadership, running and varied passing.

You're just stupid in pro football if you don't, and Brown is anything but stupid. That stuff about his being behind the times is just 'paper talk.' I don't think the other teams have passed him."

Graham may be closer to the truth than even he realizes. Brown, in his lean years, has not answered his critics or defended himself, but his team has had problems that no amount of strategy could overcome. Only with new players could he hope to better his won-and-lost record of the past five years which, after all, has been bad only by Brown's own high standards. Only the Giants have won more often.

"They ding you all the time," he said the other day. "They don't understand and I don't have time to explain the details to them."

Then, in a relaxed mood, Brown added: "You need all the weapons in this league. It is reaching the point now where you must have a quarterback who can throw long or short, pick up late-opening receivers and run."

Milt Plum, last year's quarterback, conspicuously lacked at least two of these talents. He was not a good runner and he did not have the wide, all-encompassing peripheral vision of a Graham or a Norman Van Brocklin. Neither did he have their patience, so he did not pick up the late-opening receivers in the Brown passing attack who come open at one-second intervals for some five seconds. That's why most of his pass completions were

short, to the first pass catchers who opened up.

The second limiting factor in the Brown offense was Bobby Mitchell. Although Brown never criticized Mitchell publicly, it was Mitchell, at least in part, who caused Cleveland's running game to become stereotyped. Jim Brown, the exemplary fullback, could run inside or out magnificently. But Mitchell, a wonderful broken-field runner, had the well-earned reputation of being a fumbler any time he earned the ball inside tackle on a quick opening play. This meant that the Giants, for instance, knowing that Plum could not throw an effective deep pass and Mitchell would not run inside, could assign a linebacker like Sam Huff to cover Jim Brown wherever he went. Ignoring Mitchell's faking inside and conceding the deep receivers, the Giants knew that the area they had to cover was radically decreased.

To remedy the situation, in the off season Coach Brown, a shrewd trader, sent Plum, Halfback Tom Watkins and

Linebacker Dave Lloyd to Detroit for Jim Ninowski, Halfback Hopalong Cassidy and Bill Glass, a defensive end. In Ninowski he feels he has a quarterback who can run well and who has the patience and peripheral vision to use Cleveland's careful pass patterns to their best advantage. Ninowski, despite his first reluctance to return to Brown, now is happy as the No. 1 quarterback.

In another trade, Brown dispatched Bobby Mitchell and first-draft-choice Leroy Jackson to Washington for rookie Ernie Davis, the most sought-after college player from last year. Davis, Brown believed, would give him a threat to the inside or outside, but illness has sidelined Davis. Fortunately, Brown also got Tom Wilson from the Rams, thinking Wilson could fill in for Davis while the ex-Syracusan learned the ways of pro ball and support him later. Wilson, a vicious blocker, has looked so good in exhibition games that the trade may prove one of Brown's best ever.

More backfield help

In the same trade that brought Wilson to Cleveland, Brown acquired Quarterback Frank Ryan, a Phi Beta Kappa from Rice, to understudy Ninowski. Finally from Pittsburgh he got Charley Seales, a hard-running fullback who will give the Browns depth at that position for the first time in some years, and will make it possible to rest the hard-worked Jimmy Brown occasionally.

Paul Brown, apparently, has listened to at least some of his critics. After he had seen Ninowski in practice, he announced: "I'm going to let Ninowski call the signals for himself at the beginning of the game." To assure those around him that he hadn't really gone soft, he added a lengthy explanation: "I still think a coach can do a better job, for several reasons. One, the defenses change so many times before the ball is snapped that, when the quarterback guesses with the defensive signal-caller, he has to change two or three times at the line of scrimmage and has as much chance to be wrong as I do from the sideline, and with less information. Also, when I call the play from the sideline, I have two coaches on a telephone hookup in the stands who know what the play is, watch the players in their huddle and can tell me how they performed. If the quarterback called the signal, we wouldn't know what the play was and wouldn't know

continued



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PAUL BROWN *Continued*

what each player should have done. Now, if a play fails, one of my assistants may say to me on the phone, 'Don't file it. The guard missed his block.'

"But there is one thing that a quarterback can do by calling his own signals. He can infect the team with his personality and give you a certain exuberance. I think Ninowski can do that for us. That's why he'll call the signals, at least part of the time."

In his quiet way, Brown seems confident, and he certainly has good reason. The addition of Wilson in the backfield gives him better blocking than he has had in some time, a more varied running attack and a "big back" backfield that is reasonably comparable to Green Bay's. His offense has been varied in early preseason games and no one so far has successfully guessed the plays before the Browns have actually begun to execute them.

Successful to a fault

The competition in the Eastern Division appears to be weaker this year than it has been the past few seasons. The general level of excellence is there, but the archrivals of the Browns—the Giants—are beginning to show some of the signs of age and have had a rash of crippling injuries where they most needed help. Too, the Giants, like the Browns, have suffered the penalty of success: a dearth of good young talent which comes with drafting last or close to it each year. The late draft choices that fall to the top teams year after year make it hard to replace aging veterans. This, according to Brown, is one of the difficulties he has had to face in trying to win another league championship.

"You know the formula for winning a championship?" he asked recently. "You finish last for about 10 years in a row, then you get a coach like Vince Lombardi to tie all those first draft choices together."

Reasonably enough, as this season approaches, Cleveland is appearing more and more often as the choice in the Eastern Division in the opinions of experts. Brown would rather be the underdog, but he isn't exactly displeased with the way things have been going for his team in training. You won't hear that from him now and, if he wins, he won't crow either. Paul Brown will let his record speak for him. As in the past, it should speak eloquently.

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THE WAYS OF A PRO PUNTER

BY YALE LARY OF THE DETROIT LIONS
WITH MORTON SHARNIN

Punting requires only modest coordination. I am not downgrading it—punting is my business—but I have always considered it remarkable that with so many boys in the country playing football, so few know how to kick a ball for distance and accuracy. There is, in fact, an acute shortage of good kickers. Often pro teams pay big salaries to players who merely run in, kick the ball and come out five or six times a game. In my case this is not entirely true since I double as a defensive halfback.

Punting is basically a composite of small skills, each requiring much practice, and the total even more. Many players become discouraged trying to adapt to some prescribed punting form. This is a mistake. Each man should alter the orthodox to fit his physical makeup. Below and on the following pages you will find that I frequently differ from accepted punting procedures. For example, the way I stand—with my nonkicking foot forward—is a puzzle to football coaches, most of whom advocate $1\frac{1}{2}$ steps as opposed to my three-step method. Well, I may be wrong and they may be right, but with all the things I do wrong I still have led the National Football League in punting or have been among the top four for the last four years. If you are not punting successfully or feel uncomfortable punting, then you should modify the rules to fit your needs.

Personally, I am short for a punter—5 foot 11. The tall, rangy man is the one most likely to have the excellent leg

snap so vital to producing long, booming kicks. But punting is an unnatural art, and I have never found size nearly as important as an ability to adjust to the difficult and sometimes even painful technique of exercising violently while standing tip-toe on one leg.

When I first report to training camp, it is almost like learning to kick all over again. My muscles are stiff and unyielding, and I begin a slow steady routine. Spreading my legs far apart, I lock my hands around the right knee and pull my forehead to it to loosen the hamstring muscle of my right (kicking) leg. Rotating my hips from an erect position, I loosen the groin muscles. I or general muscle tone I run and do sit-ups, and begin my kicking, first without a ball, going through the kicking motion gingerly, so as not to cause a tightening in my thighs. I repeat a rapid-fire sequence of these exercises before every game. During the first two weeks of training I kick the ball lightly, only for form, and do not begin to use full power until the third week, by which time I am kicking effortlessly and with complete control. The secret of effortless control is to make the exact same moves every time.

Still, a kicker, like a baseball player, experiences slumps and sometimes must resort to moves to find the flaw in his timing or action. Everybody can learn to kick the ball well, using the examples that follow. The persons who will kick best, though, will be the ones who practice longest.



READY FOR THE SNAP

From the time I settle into position until the ball is kicked, my eyes are on the ball (Never mind the rushers; you're supposed to kick, not run.) At Detroit the center is on his own, no signals are called, so I must always be ready for the snap. I stand 14 yards behind the center, slightly bent at the waist, my weight evenly distributed, knees flexed and my left foot about six inches forward but not anchored. I must be balanced for the unexpected. Passes go away, even in this league. Not to be alert is intolerable, remember you usually punt uncomfortably close to your goal. As a safeguard, I find that by touching my little fingers together, my hands spread to form a cup, I am less likely to fumble the snap (on the few occasions that I dropped the ball, I recalled later that I didn't have my fingers together). Already I have looked to see if the defense is overloading (concentrating their linemen on one side or the other). I will kick away from the concentration. That way, defenders flaring in have small chance to affect the play. By the time they reach you, the ball is gone.

CONTINUED



HOLDING THE BALL

When the ball reaches me, I quickly bring it into position in front of and across my body at the level of my right hip. The heel of the ball is covered by the palm of my right hand, the thumb at the museum. The nose is cradled in my left. With two seconds to get the kick off, I fix the ball as I take my first step.



POINT OF CONTACT

It is the low thud, not the big boom, that signals the tight, spiraling 60-yard punt. To get a spiral (and better distance), the laces must be pointed up and to the outside. When they are pointed straight up, the ball will travel end over end. Most punters try to kick low on the instep, the ball at a slight, 20° angle to the shoe (upper *sketch*). I strike unusually high on the instep (lower), the ball at almost right angles with the line of the shoe. This is extreme.

STEPPING OFF A KICK

Probably 95% of all bad kicks are due to poor drops. My right hand controls the ball and is responsible for the release. The left acts as a gentle guide and never exerts pressure. I take what amounts to three steps before making contact with the ball. The first, a jab or half step with my left foot, points in the direction I hope the ball will go. My hands bring the ball into position as I take a second step, on my right foot. On the third step, I cock my kicking leg (*third drawing*) and lock my ankle with the toes turned down and in. For an ordinary kick (*middle ball*), I release the ball just below the waist level and meet it slightly above the knee. For a towering kick, I incline the nose of the ball up, then release it above the waist (*top ball*) and hit it at thigh level. For a low kick, I drop the ball at thigh level, hit it just below the knee (*bottom ball*). This last kick is especially helpful when punting against the wind; the lower are allowing it to cut the air for greater distance.



FOLLOW-THROUGH

It is essential that I maintain my balance in the follow-through. If I fall back or to the side, I limit both the direction and the distance of the kick. Stability is always a problem for punters, but it is even more difficult for me because of my extremely high kick and a violent whipping leg motion that ends with my right foot on a level with my left ear. These conflicting motions—the foot coming up and across the falling ball—give me long, spiraling punts. My arms act as balance weights and allow me to come down at the spot where I started the kick. This is extremely important, since I must move quickly back into my zone of defensive coverage—opposite to the direction of the punt.





BAD SNAP FROM CENTER

A punter has to be ready for anything: there is no quicker way to lose a ball game than to have a kick blocked. Since I constantly keep my eye on the ball, I can see in advance when the pass is going wrong. This gives me time—not much, but enough—to prevent a disaster. If the pass is low, I drop down on my right knee like an outfielder, my body in position to block the

ball if it should take a bad bounce. Grabbing the ball, I rise up and begin my normal sequence, only much faster. I never reach for a wide pass. To do this would twist my body out of position and cause trouble. Instead, I sidestep, always keeping my body facing downfield, blocking the path of the ball and at the same time positioning myself to begin my punting pattern.

CONTINUED

THE QUICK KICK

I have never used the quick kick in the NFL. Few teams in the league do, although the Chicago Bears and the San Francisco 49ers are effective exceptions. Still, it is a useful device to learn. Its purpose is to surprise the defense, catching the safety man in close and virtually eliminating his chance of a ruckback. On a quick kick where you stand only six yards behind the line of scrimmage, the problem is to get the ball away high enough to clear the rushing linemen but not so high as to allow the blockers time to gather and the safety to get under the punt. Of several quick-kicking methods, I prefer one called the rocker. In lining up, I appear to be in a normal punting posture. As I receive the ball, I rock my left foot backward quickly, then stride forward on the same foot and release the ball at about thigh height, lower than usual. My right foot strikes the ball just below knee level, and the ball's laces are almost on a line with the laces of my shoe. The effect is a low trajectory kick with lots of roll and a tricky bounce.



FAKE KICK AND RUN

It is hard to fool the defense, which is practiced in reading the intention of plays. This is one reason why, whether I intend to kick, run or pass, I always take the same sub-step illustrated on the preceding pages. With no sign or tip-off to guide them, defensive linemen generally can be expected to rush a punt and the secondary to drop back to catch the ball and/or block. Even the 250-pound tackles have surprising mobility, so I want them to take the bait before they can change the direction of their charge. Altering no details from my ordinary kick, I step off on my left foot, then instantly change direction. The trick is not to waste an instant. Pivoting on my left foot, I usually run to the right, pulling the ball in and tucking it under my arm. I run toward the sideline for five or six steps, then turn quickly downfield and run for my life. Often when I am going to fake a run, I don't tell my teammates. I do this to make the fakemove convincing. Against the Dallas Cowboys in a recent exhibition, though a kick had been called for, I fooled my own team and the Cowboys and ran 12 yards for a first down.





FAKE KICK AND PASS

Faking a kick and passing is not very difficult except that you have to be able to pass. This limitation rules out the fake pass for a number of punters. Since I am a much better runner than passer, I have attempted to pass from a fake kick only four times during my pro career. I am frequently on my own when it comes to a fake run—this I imagine will last only as long as I am successful. But on a fake pass the team must always know of the punter's intention because the receivers have to look for the ball and the linemen are not permitted to go downfield. The secondary is fast to react to any change in punting coverage and this makes it less likely that a pass will succeed than a fake kick and run—unless the punter also is the star passer. When I do pass, I take my jab step with my left foot, rise up quickly and throw. I look for either of the two halfbacks moving in the flats or the split end down 10 yards from the line of scrimmage and turning inside. Remember, I am already 13 yards behind the scrimmage line, so the pass is bound to test my questionable arm and its questionable accuracy.

THE BROWNS BREAK THROUGH

There is jam-up of contenders in the East, where everybody talks championship. But the defending Giants have slipped, the Eagles have problems and the Cardinals are a mystery.

The team most likely to succeed is Cleveland, which has undergone a major face-lifting, has a new quarterback, a new halfback, a new defensive end—and, of course, the brilliant Jim Brown. Should the Browns falter, the improved Steelers, finally making a serious bid, could win their first division title

Cleveland: trading to a title

It is one thing to be impressed with Green Bay's Big Back Offense (i.e., Paul Hornung and Jimmy Taylor), but it is quite another to emulate it. Paul Brown is trying. Moving with Rothschildian deftness, he traded Bobby Mitchell, a swift halfback and a first-draft choice, to Washington for Big Back Ernie Davis of Syracuse, immediately exciting a tremor in the NFL (Jimmy Brown and Ernie Davis in the same backfield?). Then he dealt Quarterback Milt Plum, league-leading passer, to Detroit for Quarterback Jim Nainowski, who can run; in the same deal he got Halfback Howard (Hopalong) Cassady and Defensive End Bill Glass. Before he was done, 31 Browns were gone in exchange for eight players from other teams. The swift of trade had a synthesizing effect on the Browns: third in the East in 1961, they suddenly became best bet for the division championship in 1962. They had strengthened their defense with Glass and the backfield was big. Then came the bad news that Davis had contracted a serious blood disorder and may not play pro ball this season, or perhaps ever. What will this do to the Browns? Handicap them, naturally, but Paul Brown's dealing also won him 207-pound Halfback Tom Wilson from the Rams and 215-pound Charley Scales from Pittsburgh. He is not conceding defeat for his plan. Fullback Brown (right) has found Wilson to be a fine blocker (something at which neither he nor Davis is expert). The Browns will still make a serious run for the Eastern title. Coach Brown himself is willing to try anything: he'll even let Nainowski call the plays (until, of course, Nainowski calls the wrong one).



Dallas: too soon for success



The Cowboys are relying on too many rookies (a dozen). To dodge a losing season, Coach Tom Landry must get the best out of Quarterback Don Meredith (left), whose best so far has been questionable. There is no questioning Meredith's arm, his skill or his popularity: he leads the team in trainable songs; what worries his colleagues is his biting spirit. Meredith is working on a \$10,000 five-year no-cut contract. He is, they say, a fat cat. His wife was the first to join the team at its hotel-camp in Marquette. Don had the only car. Still, Meredith is liked, even when he doesn't know the plays (in the huddle last year he was heard to tell a receiver, "Just run downhill, I'll find you"). This year, says Landry with pride of accomplishment, Meredith has learned all the plays. His receivers—Bill Howton, Frank Clarke and Dick Hellsie—are good and experienced. Too, the Cowboys have fine running backs: Don Perkins, who led all NFL halfbacks in 1961 with 815 yards, Amos Marshall and the 235-pound J. W. Lockett. Significantly, the first question Perkins asked this fall was, "Dove have any guards or tackles?" The answer will come in jumps, because the offensive line, despite Landry's frantic efforts to build it up, is not yet strong enough. Spreads may be used to give Meredith more time to pass. There are shortages, too, at linebacker and in the defensive secondary, where Don Bishop is the only proven member. Landry runs a tight training camp, "the toughest I've seen," says one old pro, and the three-year-old Cowboys are spirited. But they'll be another year trying on their uniforms before they really get in the game.

New York: tape and troubles



Everything seemed normal again in the Connecticut camp of the New York Giants last month. Halfback Frank Gifford, after a year's retirement, was back and posing for another touchdown for his favorite cigarette commercial. Gifford is sure to win the Giants more network time this fall, it is something else to believe that he will win them a second straight Eastern Division title. There is some doubt, even, that he will supplant sophomore Bob Grier as first-team left halfback. The Giants are hurting. They showed their deficiencies in last year's title game, losing terribly to Green Bay 37-0. What they had hoped would be a surplus of talent this fall has become a shortage. Rookies who were counted on were stricken by a series of mishaps. End Lon Kroupac's leg was shattered (he is out for the year, perhaps for good); Guard Bob Hall ripped ligaments in his leg; Guard Bookie Bolin broke his foot; and Safetyman Erich Barnes's shoulder was dislocated. Previously, Flanker Back Kyle Rote and Quarterback Charley Conerly had retired, leaving the jobs to Jim Podoley, who moved all last year with a damaged knee, and Y. A. Tittle, who is 35 years old. Pat Summerall's retirement pressed Punter Don Chandler into a new role—that of place-kicker. Ralph Guglielmi was bought from the Cardinals to back up Tittle, and the defense is still tingled with such names as Huff, Patton, Kencavage and the effervescent Grice (left). But even the defensive and offensive lines looked mystified at times during exhibition games. By December the Giants will have lost their right to be embarrassed in another title game.

CONTINUED

Philadelphia: Sonny, lukewarm

The emergence of Sonny Jurgensen (right) as a quarterback of quality occasioned some surprise last year, except by those who were on pass-catching terms with him. "Jurgensen always had it," says 1st Pete Retzlaff. "We knew it for years." The Eagle management didn't, and they were ready to trade him. What a mistake that would have been. Jurgensen led the NFL in touchdown passes (32) and yardage (3,723). The Eagles missed the Eastern championship by half a game and went to the Playoff Bowl in Miami, where the Lions beat them and where Jurgensen suffered a badly separated shoulder. Fully recovered, Sonny is back in form. With Retzlaff (50 catches, 769 yards) and Tommy McDonald (64 catches, 1,144 yards) to throw to, the Eagles generally consider themselves a top contender in the East, and should be. But there is grave concern over their defense. All-pro Halfback Tom Brookshier is still whiffing from a leg fracture. 1st Leo Sugar, the voracious pass rusher, has retired. Coach Nick Skorach, hopefully, has 1st Cross in Brookshier's spot and 6-foot-6 John Baker, acquired from L.A., will fill in for Sugar. Though they have line backs in Ted Dean, Clarence Peaks and Tim Brown, the Eagles were 12th in the league in rushing last year—the blocking was that bad. To improve, Skorach traded for Center Jim Schreder of Washington and drafted two standout guards. The Eagles also have as McDonald's understudy Frank Bold of Villanova, who hasn't played football since high school but who runs the hundred in 9.2. If the race were to the wall, they would be unbeatable.



Pittsburgh: contenders at last

Coach Buddy Parker has been saying it for years, he will field his "best Steeler team ever" and give Pittsburgh its first pro championship. The city remains suspicious. Parker's Pittsburgh teams have been consistently disappointing but this year the Steelers are contenders, and Parker might have been a town hero last season had his team not lost five of its first six games (four by two to five points). The Steelers won five of their last eight games even though Quarterback Bobby Layne was forced to the bench with a watermelon-sized blood blister on his side. Parker, understandably, is practically standing pat, though the few changes he has made are vital. One new center, Quarterback Ed Brown, was never any match with the Chicago Bears, but he has battled almost on even terms with Layne. This gives Parker quarterbacking depth he hasn't enjoyed since Layne and Tobin Rote were his 1-2 at Detroit. All-America Fullback Bob Ferguson (Ohio State) is likely to make a halfback out of John Henry Johnson, giving Pittsburgh a powerhouse running pair. Rookie Gary Ballman (Michigan State) has the outside speed that Tom (The Bomb) Tracy, released on the eve of the season, had lost. And there is End Buddy Dial (right) to catch passes. Parker has no reason to tinker with the defense. Where many teams are crying for linchpins, he has three. His best, however, Myron Pottas, is out for the year with injuries. The Steelers led the league in rushing defense in 1961. In early exhibitions this year they were alternately good and bad. They are that kind of team. They could finish first. They could also finish sixth.

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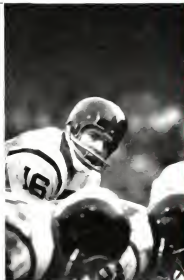
St. Louis: hopes and fears

The Cardinals effected what amounted to a coaching swap with the Houston Oilers: they got back former Assistant Coach Wally Lemm, who last year won the AFL championship at Houston, for his former boss Pop Ivy, who got nothing but heartburn at St. Louis. Lemm quickly discarded Ivy's double wing for the standard pro flanker offense. He inherits a team that has fine material and terrible luck. No fewer than 14 players were hurt last year, among them the magnificent Halfback John David Crow (tricky), Tackle Ken Pinfell and Halfback Joe Childress. This year the luck has improved, but only slightly. Crow sprained (not broke) his ankle in an exhibition game, as did Guard Mike McGee, and rookie Tackle Billy Wilson of Auburn severely injured his knee. Fortunately, the Cardinals have great strength and experience defensively. Linebacker Dale Meinert once chased the Eagles' Tommy McDonaldi 40 yards and caught him. Offensively, the running is good with Crow (when ready), Prentiss Gautt, Frank Mestank and Childress. They will have excellent pull-out guards in a recovered McGee and Ken Gray. Passing is the concern. Quarterback Sam Fichtelberg, the Canadian veteran, had a sore shoulder and a hard time last year in the league in fumbles with 151. He needs pass-protection and pass-catching help, especially at flanker. Rookies Bill Triplett (Miami, O.) and John Howell (Purdue) are trying the position, behind Bobby Joe Conrad. Split End Sonny Randle has a promising running mate in rookie Charley Bryant (Ohio State). The Cardinals often look like champions, more often they look like a mystery.



Washington: full speed ahead

Washington supports failure spectacularly. The ticket prices last fall were the highest in the team's history and so were the attendance figures—even though the Redskins have won but two games in two years. Now it appears the Redskins are willing to risk that allegiance by getting good. The slowest, most ineffective offense in the NFL has been inoculated with speed. Backs Bobby Mitchell (from Cleveland) and Leroy Jackson (Western Illinois) do 100 yards in 9.6 or better. For Mitchell, the Browns' star left halfback, and Jackson, a first-round draft choice of the Browns, the Redskins gave up their rights to Ernie Davis. This solved Coach Bill McPeak's speed problem, and kept the integrationists off Owner George Marshall's neck. Davis would have been the club's first Negro. Now it has two Negro stars in Mitchell and Jackson. Regular Fullback Don Bowser and Halfback Billy Barnes, acquired from Philadelphia, will supply the power. Bowser, injured most of last year, is an exceptional blocker, which should delight Mitchell because in Cleveland Jimmy Brown won't. Quarterback Norman Snead (right) had a promising first year, learning through adversity, and now has a backfield to work with. The offensive line is adequate, though there is a pressing need for pass receivers. The defense (which, after all, has had the most experience) is less in need of repair. An injury to Jim Kerr, a standout last year, hurts the secondary, but Bobby Freeman, obtained from the Eagles, helps it. A championship for the Redskins is out, but a .500 season is not remote. The question is, will Washington support a winner?



'P' IS FOR POWER, PASSES—AND PACKERS

With a revived Unitas, the Colts are ready to challenge.

The 49ers think they are good enough to beat Detroit out of third place, and the Rams are moving up. All four, however, have a distressing common problem: Green Bay.

The Packers are the most complete team in pro football

Baltimore: shake-up to move up



The Colts acquired the gymnastic R. C. (Alley Oop) Owens from San Francisco off the off season with only one thought in mind. They want Owens to catch passes, for it is Coach Weeb Ewbank's design to make the '62 Colts the passingest team in pro football. Advancing age befuddled the Colts in 1960 after two championship years. The expected comeback last season was stunted when Quarterback Johnny Unitas, best in the game, jammed a finger on his pitching hand in the preseason. Unitas was issued a bright-red jersey (the team's colors are blue and white) to warn off overeager scrimmagers, and he was the Johnny U. of old as the Colts ran up three straight exhibition wins. But the new Colt offense is not all Unitas, although Ewbank designed it to get more and better receivers for him downfield. The incomparable Lenny Moore has been moved from slotback to tight left half, Jimmy Orr, a split end last year, is the flanking back and Alley Oop Owens the new right end. Ray Berry, creaking with middle age but still (as seen at left) a colossus among catchers, remains at split left. Meanwhile, the little running to be done is left to Moore and sophomore Mark Smolinski. Joe Perry's powerful replacement at fullback. General old age is still a Colt concern. There isn't a rookie in camp who will make the first team, and though the defensive line (Gato Marchetti, Orrell Brasse, *et al.*) is formidable, the secondary is in crying need. Baltimoreans, nevertheless, have bought up 48,223 season tickets, a team record. They expect wonders, and the Colts could oblige—if Green Bay, the present wonder-worker, weren't in the division.

CONTINUED

Chicago: less to cheer about

The Bears have "optimism," says Owner-Coach George Halas, who really hasn't much to be optimistic about. He brought 16 rookies to camp, smallest number in years, and one was so overweight Halas sent him home. There are also fewer experienced hands. The Bears traded Harlon Hill, once the best end in the game, and Ed Brown, quarterback, to Pittsburgh, which acts as their Eastern Division farm club. Hill had become little more than an understudy to last year's outstanding rookie, Mike Ditka (56 passes caught for 1,076 yards and 12 touchdowns), and Brown had lost his position to Billy Wade. Now Wade is what no other Bear quarterback has been since Sid Luckman—all alone in the job. Wade soon will be 32, old enough to begin showing his promise. He has a history of getting people high on him, then falling on his face. But even if he justifies Halas' faith, and Ditka has another big year, there is still the thorny problem of running the ball, which the Bears don't do very well. Willie Galtmore (right), Rick Casares and Charlie Byrns and now rookie Ronnie Bull (Baylor) are among the NFL's best, but the offensive blocking is ineffectual. Defensively, the Bears have fine red-dogging linebackers in Bill George, Joe Fortunato and Larry Morris. The secondary, though, is like a colander. In 1961, 27 touchdown passes went through. Rookie Bennie McRae of Michigan will help here. But the Bears are counting on Bobby Joe Green, out from Pittsburgh, whose punts average five more yards a piece than Brown's did. This, patently, is an admission of defeat. As last year, the Bears should just about break even.



Detroit: the Plum line

It took us eight years to build a defense," said Detroit Coach George Wilson. "Ours is the best. You can't win in this league without a strong defense." True, but you can't win without an offense, either. Sensitive to the lopsidedness of his Lions (they scored fewer than three touchdowns in nine of 14 games last fall), Wilson became sacrificial this spring and cut into his splendid defensive line, giving up End Bill Glass in a six-player trade with Cleveland that brought, in return, Quarterback Milt Plum, the league's leading passer two years in a row, and Halfback Tom Watkins. Jim Ninowski also went to Cleveland, and what-have-we-done? expressions flooded Detroit when Ninowski outquarterbacked Plum in an exhibition game won by Cleveland 17-14. Wilson still believes that Plum is the better quarterback ("He's been showing us things we've been begging for"), and Watkins, a speedball, will serve to reduce the pressure on Fullback Nick Pietrosante, who was all there was to the Lions' running game last year. Gail Cogdill, Jim Gibbons and Terry Barr are excellent receivers. Even without Glass, the defense, led by Linebacker Joe Schmidt (right), Tackles Alex Karras and Roger Brown, Halfbacks Dick (Night Train) Lane and Yale Lary, is awesome. One note of concern: Schmidt is 30 and bothered by a shoulder which required surgery. Lary is 31 and Lane is 34. Others are the offensive line, the lack of a place-kicker and the paucity of rookie talent (the Lions embarrassingly failed to sign their top three draft choices). The Lions have won Miami's runner-up Playoff Bowl twice in a row. They will be pressed to do it a third time.



Green Bay: muscle on muscle



When we go on the field, we don't think of losing," says Henry Jordan, the Cleveland Browns reject who became an all-pro defensive tackle for Green Bay. "We can hold our heads high, and our wives can go shopping." It is possible that the Packers are the finest football team in the history of the game. This is because they are a complete team; they pass almost as well as they run, they are keenly balanced between offense and defense, experience and youth, spirit and savvy. They made a shambles of the NFL title game last December (Packers 37, Giants 0). Against the College All-Stars in August, their Big Back Offense—Fullback Jim Taylor and Halfback Paul Hornung—experienced unexpected running resistance, so Quarterback Bart Starr threw five touchdown passes. Coach Vince Lombardi, master builder of this monolith, has a team with no visible weaknesses. Hornung is the best back in the game. Taylor is second only to Jim Brown at fullbacking (some say it is the other way around). The only way to cover 6-foot-5 End Boyd Dowler is to foul him. Ron Kerner, the tight end (shown at left), feeds on linebackers. After a while, the Packer line takes on an awesome sameness: blocking Tackles Forrest Gregg, Norm Masters and Bob Skoronski are all 28, all over 6 feet 2, all 250 pounds. In discussing needs, Lombardi makes vague references to "depth," but his fretting is suspect (e.g., LSU's 230-pound Earl Gros, first-draft choice, will be back-up man for the indestructible Taylor). The only real shortage the Packers have is space—City Stadium (capacity 38,669) is already sold out for the season.

Los Angeles: Zeke is ready



Watching the atrocities performed by Tackle Merlin Olsen on Green Bay's running attack in the All-Star Game, one NFL scout cried out impulsively: "Oh those lucky Rams!" Olsen, 270 pounds of All-America mayhem from Utah State, was a first-round draft choice of the Rams. The fact that they went on to choose 13 more tackles is stark indication of what Coach Bob Waterfield thinks he needs most to regain some respect for Los Angeles football. There were many deficiencies in the defense, Olsen will help. Lou Cordileone, acquired from the 49ers, has been impressive at end. The secondary seems to have improved. Cornerback Ed Medorf is a bona fide all-pro. The offense, which scored as many as three touchdowns only six times in 14 games in 1981, has been little altered, doubtless with reason. Brilliant Backs Ollie Matson, Pervis Atkins and Jon Arnett (left) will improve with better support. So will Fullback Dick Buss, a scooter type weighing barely 200 pounds. Zeke Bratkowski was an average quarterback last year, but the Rams drafted two line college quarterbacks: All-America Roman Gabriel (North Carolina State) and Ron Miller (Wisconsin). Their impending arrival seemed to work a catalytic miracle on Bratkowski, who says he must have thrown 10,000 passes in the off season to be ready. Waterfield says Zeke is ready, and there was evidence enough when he threw three touchdown passes against Minnesota in an early exhibition. His receivers are excellent. Rod Phillips led the league last fall with 78 receptions for 1,092 yards. All in all, the Rams are improved, more than the teams they'd like to catch.

CONTINUED

Minnesota: the sway stays

There was concern last year that Minnesota's swaying offensive line would crumble completely on Quarterback Francis Tarkenton (*right*), bringing about his premature burial. But Tarkenton, Methodist son of a Georgia minister, prevailed (his footwork was superb), and Coach Norm Van Brocklin promises something will be done to protect him this fall. The Vikings are just a year old and already 24 of the 36 players originally drafted have been dealt away. They won three games last year, a surprise, and with Tarkenton the leading rusher among NFL quarterbacks, were sixth in the league in rushing offense. Their defense, however, was pitiful—they gave up a record 5,393 yards rushing and passing, and their punting was weak. To brighten matters, Van Brocklin has moved in rookie Ed Sharockman of Pittsburgh and the seasoned Dennis Derby at cornerback, rookie Larry Bowie (Purdue) at tackle, rookie Larry Guilford (University of Pacific) at safety and rookie Roy Winston (LSU) at offensive guard. The inexperience is bound to chafe, but being last demands changes. There is a surfeit in the backfield. Tarkenton has Lee Grosscup (acquired from the Giants) and the rangy John Furman (bought from Cleveland) for relief work, and he has four fullbacks. In the event of a trade, one of these will go. The Vikings need a trade to get a pass receiver to run with Jerry Riewow and Hugh McElhenny, who, remarkably, is still fast. There is also definite need of a capable punter. Van Brocklin thinks his team can move up a notch this year, possibly ahead of the Rams. He will not let good reasoning change his thinking.



San Francisco: better with Brodie

Coach Red Hickey becomes unsociable and his digestion suffers when he reads that his 49ers will finish fifth or sixth in the West ("some experts have rocks in their heads"). He thinks well of his present squad. He does not mourn the passing of his shotgun offense because when it petered out last season John Brodie (*right*) came into his own as a T-formation quarterback. Billy Kilmer, the shotgun's chief aim, fumbled his way out of a job and his team out of the formation. Kilmer can run and he can pass and he is now trying to make it at halfback, à la Paul Hornung. The 49ers have lost R. C. Owens, who played out his option and went to Baltimore, but Hickey believes Owens was more flash than fact and that sophomore Jimmy Johnson will do just as well at flanker back. He gets arguments on this one. The 49ers lost their top draft choice to the AFL, and a '61 red-shirt selection, Defensive End Clark Miller (Utah State) was their only All-Star Game representative, and even that was one too many—Miller twisted his ankle in Chicago. However, Linebacker Ed Pine, No. 2 choice from Utah, has won a starting spot, and either Keith Luhnaw (Santa Ana Junior College) or Jim Vollenweider (Miami, Fla.) may hang on behind Fullbacks C. R. Roberts and Cannonball Cooper. With Brodie established and with Clyde Conner, Monty Stacks and Johnson to catch him, the attack could go. The defense is much the same as in 1961, but the 49ers are desperate for linebacking. They also could use running assistance for J. D. Smith. And they could also finish fifth, but third or fourth is more likely.

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Teams in the East continue to search for new ways to dislodge Houston from first place, but they have yet to work out an effective formula for doing it. The Oilers not only have the best set of quarterbacks in the AFL (George Blanda and Jacky Lee), they also have the best receivers and the incomparable Billy Cannon. Boston, having given the redoubtable Babe Parilli full rein at quarterback, is ready, nevertheless, to make it a chase, and the Buffalo Bills under Lou Saban have experienced a birth of college spirit. This leaves the New York Titans, who make up for a serious lack of talent in their lineup with two inspiring names: Moses Gray and Proverb Jacobs

EAST

THIRD TITLE FOR HOUSTON

WEST

ABUNDANCE IN SAN DIEGO

The AFL's most effective recruiting campaign was carried on in the West, where the Chargers and the Dallas Texans snapped up last year's All-Americans by the poy load—generally from under the noses of the NFL. Both teams are now so far ahead of Denver and Oakland (who will battle in splendid isolation for third place) that what was a two-team race in 1961 will be still more of a two-team race in 1962. San Diego, with its new stars, should win again over Dallas and its new stars. But whether the Chargers can at last beat Houston for the title may eventually depend upon the strong right arm of Kansas rookie John Hadl, who has a woy with a team

EAST Boston: the new Babe



As 32, Vito (Babe) Parilli, the itinerant quarterback, has found security and contentment in his work. The young man who broke out in hives over the unsettled quarterbacking situation at Cleveland and shared his position at Green Bay, Ottawa and Oakland has been told that the job is his alone at Boston. Parilli is delighted. So, evidently, is Coach Mike Holovak, who traded away Parilli's shadow, Butch Songin. The Patriots finished only a game behind champion Houston last year. The offense should be the pride of the East. Though Fullback Billy Lott is out with an injured knee, there is still a multiple running threat in Ron Burton, Jim Crawford and Larry Garron. Split End Gino Cappelletti, Flanker Jimmy Coldclough and Tight End Tony Romeo, hired in from Dallas, can catch. Cappelletti led the AFL last year with 147 points on pass receptions, field goals and extra points. There is strength in the offensive line in Tackle Charley Long, an incumbent, and rookie Guard Billy Neighbors of Alabama. Pass defense has been the blight of the Patriots. They think they have the problem licked, with the addition of all-league Cornerman Dick Felt (obtained in the Songin trade), the return to form of Safety Ross O'Hanley and the improvement of Cornerman Don Webb. Halfback Angelo Dubero of Notre Dame, their only representative in the All-Star Game, gave up football to become a teacher-coach, but another Irish alumnus, Linebacker Nick Buoniconti, has earned a position on the squad behind two-year all-league Tom Addison (left). Boston has improved, but the Houston Oilers have improved more.

Buffalo: the scramblers



Lou Saban, a college coach at heart, teaches the roll-out to his quarterbacks and manners to his linemen. "Wadaya-know," piped Guard Billy Shaw when Elbert Dubenion (left) caught a pass in a recent scrimmage. "Duby caught one." Saban stopped play, stepped in and snapped, "Duby always catches them. No more cracks like that." The Bills, last in the East in 1961, have responded to Saban, who coached at Boston last year. Saban doesn't believe his quarterbacking problem is as acute as people say. Warren Rabb, 203 pounds and a good roll-out passer, fits Saban's offensive pattern. So, Saban hopes, will Al Dorow, acquired from the Titans for Johnny Green and All-Star Defensive Halfback Billy Atkins. Dorow, who has been as pro ball for 10 years, led the league in 1961 in passes thrown (438), completed (197) and intercepted (30), and ran with the ball more than any other quarterback. Earlier, the Bills sent Dean Look to the Titans for defensive Tackle Sid Youngelman, who wasn't hitting it off with Titan Coach Bulldog Turner. The Bills lack depth. A mass shuffling in the line was still being made when more trouble came: Ken Rice, their best offensive guard, injured his knee and is out for half the season. Saban has made a running back out of Dubenion, formerly a flanker. Glen Bais, the leading receiver last year as split end, is now the flanker, and Ernie Warlick takes his spot. The hope is an improvement in pass receiving. Art Baker, fast and powerful, is at fullback. Generally the Bills are still scrambling, but they look good enough to beat out the Titans for third place in the East.

CONTINUED

Sometimes," says Jacky Lee, the best second-stringer in the AFL, "I'm surprised how well I stand my impotence." Lee plays behind Quarterback George Blanda, the old Kentucky colonel who has been quarterbacking for 13 years. Lee has been his understudy for three years. Together last year they devastated the league's defenses: Blanda completed 187 of 362 passes for 3,340 yards (AFL record) and 37 touchdowns (record); Lee 66 of 127 for 1,205 yards and 12 touchdowns. Blanda also kicked 64 out of 65 extra points and 16 field goals, one a record 55-yarder. No wonder he was named the league's Player of the Year, and no wonder Jacky Lee is content to wait his turn. A remarkable number of pass catchers make both men's jobs easier: Bill Gromm, Charley Hennigan, Billy Cannon, Willard Deweese, Bob McLeod, John White and Dave Smith. New Coach Pop Ivy, late of the Cardinals, calls them the finest group of receivers he has seen "in any league." Cannon (right) is to Houston what Paul Hornung is to Green Bay. He led the league in rushing with 948 yards and scored 15 touchdowns, nine on passes. Houston, however, continues to be a passing team because it has neither the swift-pulling guards nor the power fullback for a strict running game. Tackle Al Jamison, called "Dirty Al" by opponents ("I'm just aggressive," says Al modestly), is the giant of the offensive line. There are shortcomings in the defense, but rookies Bobby Jancik (Lamar Tech) Tom Goode (Mississippi State) and Larry Oseal (Northwestern) will be of help. Houston is a two-time league champion going for a third—and after that a fourth

Houston: pitch and catch



New York: the searchers

It couldn't be hometown influence, because they were 40 miles away in Pennsylvania, but as training days piled one on another the Titans began to look more and more like the Mets. By the time they had lost three straight exhibitions, new Coach Bulldog Turner's exuberant optimism had lost volume and he was making statements that begin, "You have to plan for next year. . . ." The Titans, 7-7 for two straight seasons, did little to improve themselves in the rookie draft (they hired three of the 23 sought); they did less in the AFL "equalization draft" (they hired nobody), and have been unable to come up with any decisive trades. They got all-pro defensive Halfback Bill Atkins and Dean Look from Buffalo, but had to give up Sid Youngelman, tackle and ace public relations man, and Quarterback Al Dorow to do it. And still they need a quarterback. Butch Songin is 38, Johnny Green, also from Buffalo, has been so so and Look, a quarterback at Michigan State, has not played since 1959. Compounding their miseries, the Titans lost for at least two months their best running back, Billy Maestas, when he broke a collarbone in the third exhibition. Keeping Turner from total depression has been the work of swift Halfback Dick Christy, Guard Bob Muchak and Split End Art Powell. The 260-pound Biblical tackles, Moses Gray and Proverb Jacobs (right), have played well, and Linebacker Larry Grantham has stood out defensively, but Turner would like to get another offensive tackle so he can move Bud Cockrell back to defensive end. Whatever moves he makes, a fall to last place seems inevitable.



WEST Dallas: reinforced



The Texans, original favorite sons, have lost some of their Dallas following in failing to beat out San Diego. But Owner Lamar Hunt turns bravely away from the lure of New Orleans, which is clamoring for a franchise, to say that Dallas will get its chance to support—or not support—a championship team before he pulls out. The Texans had remarkably good luck in the draft, outbidding NFL teams for such fine stock as Blacks Curtis McClimon of Kansas and Jimmy Saxon of Texas. End Bill Miller of Miami and Quarterback Eddie Wilson of Arizona. Dallas fans like to equate the Texans' failures with the inconsistencies of Quarterback Cotton Davidson, who has terrible cold spells. Wilson could do fine, but needs grooming; in the meantime, Lenny Dawson will work behind Davidson. McClimon, whom Dante Lavelli calls another Jimmy Brown, will understudy Fullback Jack Spikes and Halfback Abner Haynes (left), who between them missed 13 games due to injury last year (Haynes was still only 108 yards from the AFL rushing leadership). With Miller, who has exceptional hands, at flanker in tandem with Split End Chris Burford, the Texan running and pass receiving is as good as any in the league. The interior line, however, continues to be a worry to Coach Hank Stram. The conversion of Curt Merz (Iowa) from end to guard may help, but the loss of Center Irv Goode to St. Louis of the NFL won't. Defensively, the linebacking is excellent, with Sherrill Hendrick, Smokey Stover and E. J. Holuh. The Texans will be fortified for their battle with the NFL Cowboys for Dallas' affection. Beating out San Diego is another matter.

Denver: looking snappy



The most striking change in the Broncos is sartorial. From the drab brown-gold-white uniforms of the past they have gone to a splashy orange, blue and white (and discontinued those unsightly vertical-striped socks). Most important change, however, is in the coaching. Jack Faulkner, 36, succeeds the deposed Frank Filchock and becomes the youngest head coach in pro football. Did-pro Quarterback Frank Tripucka, 34, is so satisfied with the new atmosphere that he has quit talking about "this being my last year." To aim at, Tripucka still has the most overworked target in pro football, sure-handed Split End Lionel Taylor (87, left), who has caught 192 passes during the last two seasons. Hunter Enns, over from San Diego, has won at least equal time at quarterback. Tripucka or Enns throwing, Taylor is likely to still be doing most of the catching, for the Broncos lack another good end. This obstacle may be overcome for Faulkner by rookie Flanker Back Jerry Tarr (Oregon), the NCAA high-hurdles champion. Tarr has one distinct advantage over most college trackmen who get carried away by the pros: he played college football. The Bronco running game has been pitiful. Don Stone is not fast enough to handle it alone and there is little punch at fullback, with either holdover Jim Stettinette or Bo Dickinson (traded from Dallas). Defensively, Tackle Bud McAdin is a punt in any league, and Safetyman Goose Gossonlin and Bob Zeman are certainly the best pairing in the AFL. But for all their added color, the Broncos are still only skin deep. They are not yet ready to challenge in the West.

CONTINUED

Couch Marty Feldman began the new season with so many weaknesses from 1961 he hardly knew where to trade first. But, while the past was dark, the future became darker still. Last-string Quarterback Tom Flores was sidelined for the season with a lung ailment. End Doug Asid, the club's leading pass receiver, retired, and his replacement, rookie Bob Coolbaugh, fractured an ankle. Volney Peters, after nine years as a pro tackle, also retired. Feldman didn't panic. Instead, seeking speed, he traded away Wayne Crow, his leading rusher, and asked waivers on George Fleming, his top scorer. He now has five backs who can run 100 yards in less than 10 seconds, new men Bo Roberson (from San Diego), Eugene White (Florida A&M) and Dobie Craig (Howard Payne), and regulars Charley Fuller and Clem Daniels. (Roberson, the Olympic broad jumper, is a legitimate 9.4 sprinter who can turn the corner, but some say he wouldn't at San Diego and ran straight to the sidelines.) Nevertheless, Feldman's most important acquisition came from among the forgotten: Quarterback Don Heinrich, six years a pro, came out of a two-year retirement posed as ever when Oakland upset Benton in a recent exhibition. Trouble is, when you are through talking about Heinrich, Captain Jim Otto (60, *right*), the two-time all-league center, and speed, you have pretty well talked about the Raiders. They need pass catchers badly, although Feldman believes he turned up one in Max Boydston, who quit the Dallas Texans after two years as a starter. If the Raiders are improved, they are still not good enough to escape last place in the West.



San Diego: surplus buying

Seven Charger rookies were in the College All-Star Game, and though San Diego has won the Western title twice in two years Coach Sid Gillman feels he really needs them. Actually, the only rookies presently in his starting lineup are Flanker Lance Alworth of Arkansas and Halfback Bert Coan of Kansas, who didn't play in the All-Star Game. Coan replaces all-league Paul Lowe, who broke his arm in an exhibition. The affluence of the Chargers is certainly imposing, but there is no doubt Gillman can make good use of such All-Star dandies as Quarterback John Hadl, also of Kansas and the All-Star Game's most valuable player, End Reg Canlan (Idaho), Guard-Tackle Richard Smith Hudson (Memphis State), Center Wayne Frazer (Auburn) and Linebackers Frank Bunson (USC) and Bob Minter (Penn State). Hadl will undoubtedly be often injured but always effective Jack Kemp (*right*), Gillman has moved all-league Tackle Ron Mix to guard and has made a fullback out of Lineman Jackie MacKinnon, a 246-pounder. Keith Lincoln, moved to fullback last year when Charlie Flowers was injured, is back at halfback, and Flowers has said that nobody's going to beat him out of his old job. Defensively, the Chargers are immense, the rush line includes Earl Faison (282), Bill Hudson (277), B-rise (bigger than Big Daddy) Ladd (317) and Ron Perry (247). In the secondary are three all-leaguers. Linebacker Chuck Allen, Cornerback Dick Harris and Safety Charlie McNeil. The only thing the Chargers have in worry about is whether San Diego, which has been on an economic slide, can afford them.





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Steelhead dividend

With shotguns, handouts and tender loving care Washington State biologists are doing wondrous things for steelhead—and fishermen

Last summer a pair of newlywed farm kids, Leslie and Barbara Kales, moved into a trailer on the sandy shore of Barnaby Slough, a mossy 30-acre stretch of the Skagit River's backwater tucked away at the foot of the Cascade Range in Washington State. The setting was a good one for any couple starting the adventure of married life, but in the past year the Kaleses rarely ever had time to lead the carefree life of honeymooners. Les Kales is a hatchery assistant for the Washington State Department of Game, and in their first year on Barnaby Slough, Les and his bride were responsible for the care, protection and feeding of 350,000 puvet fish.

Four times a day Les traveled up and down the shore, scattering measures of

fish meal in the rich water to supplement the natural feed of the extravagant population of steelhead fingerlings that had been planted in the slough. Many times each day he recorded water temperatures and water levels and the activity of predators. With shotgun in hand, Les and Barbara patrolled the banks of the slough and the mile-long channel joining it to the Skagit River, guarding the fingerlings against the rands of kingfishers and mergansers.

In the warming waters of early May this year the Kaleses' steelhead wards, by then husky yearlings measuring seven to 11 inches, began to settle in an urgent silver mass, and at the rate of 10,000 a night fought their way into a small fish trap leading to an outlet channel of the



slough. Night after night Les Kules, assisted by District Fisheries Biologist Lewis Lund, who developed the slough, netted up the fish, clipped the right ventral fin of each and set it free, while Barbara huddled by the light of a gas lantern and kept count. Before the work was done 150,000 husky yearlings had been released—a fantastic survival under wild conditions from a plant of 150,000 two-inch fingerlings last summer.

The success at Barnaby Slough is the best news for steelhead fishermen—who come to the Skagit from all over the U.S.—since the first homesteaders learned to appreciate the challenge of the species long ago. The slough is the full-scale culmination of experiments begun on the Stillaguamish River by Clarence Pautzke, director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, in the years when he served the Washington State Department of Game. In Blue Slough, a small pond covering two to three acres, Pautzke proved that hatchery steelhead, reared to sea-going size under wild conditions for the first year of life, will return at double the ratio of those fish turned out on their own as vulnerable fry. Blue Slough, whose outgoing bounty runs year after year to around 25,000 migrant-size steelhead, is the pilot rearing area upon which Barnaby Slough is patterned. Eventually the Washington State Department of Game, fully cognizant of

continued

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FINGERLING steelhead are dipped out of a holding pool in Washington's Skagit River by Hatchery Assistant Leslie Kules (left) and District Fisheries Biologist Lewis Lund. The tiny young steelhead are counted and their right ventral fins clipped for identification. Then they are released into an outlet channel for the background from which they swim into the sea, where they grow fat for fishermen.



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the fact that the state's wildlife constitutes a "crop" whose value is exceeded only by the state's wheat, will go ahead with rearing ponds on all the main steelhead rivers west of the Cascades.

The Skagit River generally is conceded to be the world's No. 1 steelhead stream, producing an annual sportsmen's catch of around 15,000. When the Barnaby Slough yearlings return, the biologists estimate that the best steelhead waters in the world will become just twice as good.

The biologists guess, on the basis of returns from small rearing areas, that about 15,000 of the 150,000 steelhead from Barnaby Slough will survive the adventuresome life in the open sea and make it back to the river. Fifteen thousand from an original plant of 350,000 seems scanty, but in the hard business world of fish it is a very handsome yield. Out of an equal-sized hatch in nature less than 1,000 fish would ever return to native waters. Out of the 350,000 plant in Barnaby Slough, game department men expected to lose 15% to 20%, as "poor fish" cripples, runts, the feeble condemned before they can perpetuate their weakness. An equal proportion was doomed as culls, or fish that failed to attain migrating size and thus were not hand-clipped and counted. The toll of predation, even under the most faithful care, is high. Droppings of mink and other, found on the banks of the slough, are nothing but heaps of fish scales.

In the straight hatchery operation, in which steelhead are turned out on their own at fingerling stage, adaptation to environment often is so poor that some heretical fisheries biologists have begun to question the value of the process. Any river—any fresh water—is limited in nutrients. It cannot expand a healthy population of fish indefinitely. But Barnaby's hand-fed babies use the river only as a means of reaching the sea. As far as the fish are concerned, Barnaby Slough is wild. They run into no problems of adjustment on release. Stumps and drowned brush—splendid hiding places for young steelhead dot the slough's surface. Outside of the fish trap and the trailer, no mark of man is visible. The environment has been improved and is under constant surveillance, but it has not been altered in any major way other than by the erection of barriers at either end.

Steelhead normally return to their native waters to spawn in the fourth year of life and every year thereafter as long as they are able to elude predators—including fishermen—in wait for them. Unlike salmon, they do not die after spawning but linger in the river, regaining strength for a return to the rich nutrients of the sea. Barnaby Slough's output, advanced a full year by tailored environment and supplemental feeding, will return to spawn in the third year, the fishing winter of 1963-64. Since the slough will be replanted each July in perpetual cycle and closed to the entry of fish either from above or below, this presents a staggering picture of 15,000 mature steelhead trying to fight their way back over barriers into the rearing waters of Barnaby Slough.

"We want fishermen to catch them all," Biologist Lund insists. "Every fish, without exception. These steelhead are being put into the river for just one purpose: to increase sports fishing on the Skagit. They'll return at six pounds and up in weight if conditions at sea are favorable for them."

While it is the biologists' hope that all the fish are caught, a good many Skagit steelheaders already are cherishing the heady thought that not all of the returning spawners will be taken. Those steelhead that get as far as Barnaby Slough will pool up below the barrier into the slough while they try to figure the whole thing out.

The wily steelhead

Steelhead are more resourceful to reason than salmon. Salmon barred from home waters will strive as long as there is life in them to surmount the barrier and will die unspawned. Steelhead will give up the attempt when their sexual products ripen, and find an alternate spawning spot. The main channel of the Skagit suits them, as do any number of tributary streams flowing into the upper Skagit above the slough. It is entirely possible that some of these Barnaby-raised fish will start new natural runs in the river with their spawn.

Perhaps the most cheerful part of the fabulous Barnaby Slough story is the price. The initial investment in land purchases and in preparation of the slough as a rearing area was only \$40,000. The annual cost of operation is about \$10,000. Weighed against the expected yield, this figures out to be a small price per fighting pound of fish, and one that anglers will be happy to pay.

END

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IN FASHIONS TO KEEP THE WEATHER OUT

The half-muffled grin on the pert face to the right does not belong to an *Our Gang* comedy kid but to **Model Merola Witt**, who here and on the following pages demonstrates the raffish look that's "in" for the outdoors this fall. A **Barney Oldfield** duster and a boy scout poncho are designed to hold back the chill or the rain of a Saturday afternoon in a football stadium. Ear-warming mufflers come with many of fall's new sports clothes. The new shiny vinyls are being made into protective garb for spectators, golfers, sailors and skiers. Calf-high boots not only complete the look but keep out the rain or snow. The muffler opposite is of handwoven Scottish wool, designed by **Stella Sloat** to match a tweed skirt.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON PARKS





Banney Oldfield inspired the suede duster shown above. Bonnie Cashin designed it for Sells, and Nerola wears it, hands in pockets, buckles aflop, with spotted calf boots and a felt fedora. The vinyl pea jacket at right was designed by Frank Smith of Evan-Picone, with a bow to the U.S. Navy, to go with a turtleneck sweater and a pocketed tweed skirt.





Frend on the back of a British boy scout: the look of this poncho. Merisa of White Stag updated it for American women. It reverses from water-repellent Nydri, a new lightweight coated nylon, to bright red sailcloth. When popped over stretch pants and high black rubber boots, it makes Merisa as waterproof as a duck.

This year top U.S. sportswear designers have taken a group of shiny coated fabrics of a kind once associated mainly with automobile seat covers and boosted them into a new and practical existence. These new fabrics often look like patent leather or old-fashioned ollskins but have the added advantage for contemporary sportswear of being soft, pliable, cleanable, washable and water-repellent. Their trade names add a whole new category to fashion. Vy-Paral in a winter weight has a layer of vinyl foam laminated to a layer of shiny coated fabric. This is the fabric used in the pea jacket shown on page 75. Comarra, a similar fabric, will be used in a ski suit from Christian Dior this winter. Nydri and Nylcoat, both acrylic-coated nylon taffetas, are used mainly in rainwear (see the poncho to the left). Norpole is a neoprene-backed nylon found in the best of today's foul-weather sailing gear. Coated fabrics also protect foul-weather golfers (SI, April 30), and before the year is out even vinyl swimsuits will be shining on southern beaches.

WHERE TO BUY Page 73. Plaid stole (\$38), tweed skirt (\$30), jersey blouse (\$17) from Sloot & Co. at Henri Bendel, New York; Halle Bros., Cleveland; J. L. Hudson, Detroit. Newman Marcus, Dallas. Wool and mohair cap by Belmar. Page 74. Suede cluster from Philip Sills (\$175), at Bon Marché, Seattle; Newman Marcus, Dallas. Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Hillhouse & Hardy hat imported from England by

Lord & Taylor, New York. Spotted pony boots (\$60) designed by Bonnie Cashin, to order at I. Miller. Page 75. Vinyl jacket (\$80), sweater (\$10) and skirt (\$30) by Evan Picone at B. Altman & Co., New York. Page 76. Poncho (\$20), stretch pants (\$20), White Stag, at Bullock's Westwood, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York; Merer & Frank, Portland. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia. Boots, U.S. Rubber

Chris-Craft finds a fair wind

Prodded by its new owner, Yachtsman Corny Shields, America's best-known maker of motorboats introduces its first sailboat—brisk under canvas but as luxurious as a home



In 62 years Cornelius Shields has outmaneuvered his opponents in every kind of sailboat from frostbite dinghies to the giant J boats of the '30s. Like all pure sailors, Corny Shields looks at motorboats beneath contempt. He finds no pleasure in their reliable—but noisy—engines, in the vibration and smell of machinery doing the work of silent canvas. "They're only good as sail lockers," he says. "I never wanted to own a big powerboat; it's just a floating hotel."

The Chris-Craft Corporation, manufacturer of many of these "floating hotels," has for years been as contemptuous of sailboats as Corny Shields is of "stink-pots." Since 1913, when Chris Smith started the company, Chris-Craft has concerned itself only with the kind of waterborne propulsion that comes from engines. During Prohibition it made fast boats for Canadian "exporters"—and then made faster ones for the authorities to catch them. Today, as the world's largest producer of motorboats, it sells more than 50 models of powered pleasure craft ranging from a 16-foot ski boat at \$2,995 to a 65-foot motor yacht that costs \$169,995. But it has never sold a sailboat, or tried to.

Under such circumstances, it might seem unlikely that Corny Shields and Chris-Craft would ever get together. But such is not the case. The brisk little vessel pictured here is a collaboration between the two that combines in one tidy package Shields's enthusiasm for wind and wave and Chris-Craft's know-how with powered luxury afloat. It is Chris-Craft's first foray in sail and, during the next year, the company plans to build and sell at least 50 such "sail yachts" at about \$25,000 apiece.

The union that produced this happy hybrid took place in 1960, when the Wall Street investment firm owned by Shields and his brother Paul bought most of the

stock in Chris-Craft. "Everybody should have a boat company," Conry explains blandly. But his interest in this boat company was purely financial. He remained at heart a sailboat man. "They don't have to be big to be lovely," says Shields of sailboats. "The greatest stimulant I have is my little Greek sponge boat. She's only 12 feet long and I've had her 32 years. I drive by the harbor every morning just to watch her hobbing at her anchor. She's my best possession."

Shields's other, less-prized, possession, Chris-Craft, was capable of producing little sponge boats by the thousand if need be, but no one concerned with the company had the sponge-boat owner's affection for such craft. It remained for Conry to change that. As shyly as he planned the tacks on a racing boat to windward, the old sailorman decided to sell the motorboat men on sail.

"I didn't want to force them," says the man sailors know as the Silver Fox. "After all, I bought the company because I liked the management. So I just tried to convince them." He had potent arguments for his purpose. Boating of all kinds is a mushrooming business, but the men who design and build sailboats are not necessarily skilled at making sea-going comfort and luxury an integral part of their craft. Conry made the point that many a dedicated sailor who had given up sailing because of the lack of comfort might be lured back to the sea by the high-styled Chris-Craft luxury.

Then, too, there were potential customers in Europe, where fuel is expensive. The European is, by tradition, said Conry, a sailorman, and he will buy a sailboat. There was a further argument in the growing popularity of class-boat racing, since a one-design sailing auxiliary by Chris-Craft would inevitably be organized into a racing class.

Convinced at last that a sail yacht would not compete with similar Chris-Craft powerboats, Chris-Craft managers agreed to poll their dealers on sales problems. There was little or no problem about manufacture. During the years it had devoted to power, Chris-Craft had learned a thousand tricks of boat production equally applicable to sail: new materials, new methods, new tools. It

continued



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BOATING continued

had been in the forefront of the evolution of smaller, lighter, quieter engines suitable for auxiliary power. It had 10 well-equipped plants and a network of 637 dealers spread over the country. As Conry Shields saw it, no organization in the world was better able to bring the challenge and satisfaction of sailing to a waiting public.

With Chris-Craft sold on the idea, Conry sought out his old friend Olin Stephens to design the boat. Stephens' drawing board had produced two victorious America's Cup defenders—*Ranger* and *Columbia*—and a fleet of lesser and greater sailboats, including the Fastnet winner *Duval*, the Bermuda winner *Flower* and the sprawling *Blue Jay* and *Lightning* classes. Now Conry asked Stephens to design comfort aloft, a home, speed and sport besides.

Stephens and Shields had been shipmates for 36 years, and Stephens was well aware that Shields would influence the design. He set to work cautiously. There was no trouble about length: 35 feet, the size Chris-Craft was geared to produce. But then "Olin came up with howsprits and a variety of things I don't go for," Conry says. "I like a well-proportioned boat so I told him to take *Versatile*, the 89-foot ketch he designed for Harold Vanderbilt 12 years ago, and reproduce her in miniature, including the double ends and the sheer." (Sheer is the graceful curvature of a boat's deckline from midships to each end.) A 90-foot vessel cannot automatically be shrunk to 35, nor can a decade of designer's knowledge be swept aside, but Olin drafted up a set of plans which, he now remarks with astonishment, "did have some resemblance to my old *Versatile*." Shields set this plan to 50 personal friends and asked for their opinion without explaining further. Meanwhile, Chris-Craft sent the plan to its dealers. The consensus was that *Versatile*'s sceno-style stern would be hard to sell to motorboat men who are used to square sterns and level decks, so Olin lopped off the stern and flattened the sheer. Shields, smiling but firm, had Olin put the curve back in. "I had more trouble with that sheer line," Conry complains mildly, "every time I turned my back it was gone again. Maybe I spent too much time worrying about looks and beauty, but I didn't want Chris-Craft to leap into the market with just another motorsailer. I wanted their first sailboat to

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be even better than the best available."

Stephens' final design, measuring 35 feet overall, with a 28-foot 6-inch waterline, 11-foot beam and 4-foot 8-inch draft, was a functional compromise of sail and motor, sport and practical comfort. From the firm of Sparkman and Stephens came the hull lines and the sail plan of a fast and able sailing boat with an easy-handling rig that carries more than enough canvas (*i.e.*, Dacron) for even a puny 363 square feet with a masthead genoa up forward assuring good performance to windward. "She's about 75% sail to 25% power," says Stephens. "with the emphasis on the sail." Shields concedes the new Chris-Craft may even be overcanvassed for the beginner, "but our aim is to have a satisfactory sailing boat—and no beginner should take a 35-footer out without instruction anyway."

Wooden wives

From Chris-Craft came the power plant (60-horsepower), the accommodations and deck plan, and a thoroughly tested new type of fiber glass laminate for the hull that measures up to three-quarters of an inch thick. The decks are reinforced fiber glass, the fittings of silicone bronze and brass, and the interiors glisten with polished mahogany.

To assure comfort Chris-Craft interior designers made scale models of the cabins and peopled them with jointed, wooden figures. For days this model family lived aboard to determine the size and shape of bunks, stairs, headroom. Wives, for instance, wield a strong influence in the choice and purchase of a boat, so Chris-Craft's engineers paid particular attention to the wooden wives' comfort. Even the bunks are so arranged that they can be tilted while under way to match the heel of the boat.

Racing Designer Stephens is pleased with the result. The hull is his but the home is by Chris-Craft. "Their plan is good—with that nudships cockpit dividing the two cabins you can put kids to bed and still have a place to entertain," he says, shaking his head in admiration. "You can get a lot more into a small boat than I ever thought."

Skipper Shields, having won still another sailboat race, is modest about his victory. "For the family, we've got a practical, wholesome boat," he says, "and the sailor will get what he wants—a sailable boat."

And Chris-Craft seems likely to get what it wants—a sailable boat. **END**



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Waltz by a strawberry blonde

Upsets jolted others, but JoAnne Gunderson kept her mood as light as her hair and won the Amateur

At the start of last week's Women's Amateur golf championship in Rochester, N.Y., it seemed as inevitable as Bermuda shorts on ladies' day that long-hitting JoAnne Gunderson and straight-hitting Anne Quast Decker, the two exceptionally fine golfers from the state of Washington, would meet in the finals. But the early story line was just too pat. By the time the 23-year-old JoAnne had crushed 17-year-old Ann Baker of Marysville, Tenn. 9 and 8 in their 36-hole final match, the script was scuttled in hers over the lovely old parkland course of the Country Club of Rochester. The tournament had evolved into a jumble of exciting matches and shocking upsets, and then had dramatically concluded with one of the finest performances ever seen at a Women's Amateur.

The hopes for a Gunderson-Decker final were fully justified. JoAnne had won this event in 1957 and 1960. Anne had won in 1958 and completely dominated the 1961 championship. This pair was a drive and a wedge ahead of the rest of the field. Anne seldom hits the ball out of play. JoAnne drives a ball 240 yards and has a deft touch on the greens.

But in the quarter-finals the good fortune that had been smoothing Mrs. Decker's path to the finals got buried in one of the course's 60 sand traps. During the first three days potentially tough opponents, including Southern Amateur Champion Clifford Ann Creed (St. Sept. 3), had been upset before the defending champion ever had to face them. Mrs. Decker won her first four matches without ruffling a curl of her coiffure.

But though normally an optimistic,

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exuberant girl, she had premonitions of disaster as she gazed at the scoreboard on the morning of her match with Patsy Hahn, 22, the tomboyish Delaware champion. "Oh, I just wish everything hadn't been so easy," said Anne, who had played her first 57 holes in only two over par.

Her pessimism bore ripe fruit. Fighting a wayward hook, chipping and putting badly, she found herself 5 down after nine holes and was beaten on the 14th green.

Miss Gunderson had no trouble either, until the quarter-finals. There the strawberry blonde ran up against a petite but viciously determined Californian named Barbara Williams. The result was by far the best match of the week. Miss Williams is not afraid to smash the ball out of the rough with a wood or, like Arnold Palmer, bang her putts at the hole as if she meant to tear out the flagstick. Her fatal flaw at Rochester was a lack of distance. At 5 feet 2 and 105 pounds, Barbara not only gave away five inches and 40 pounds to JoAnne, she also gave up some 50 yards off the tee.

End of the rout

"I don't really mind," Barbara said of this discrepancy. "I figured I'd scrape around somehow."

Scrape she did. Three down to Miss Gunderson after 11 holes and seemingly on the short end of a big rout, Miss Williams cut the margin to one with a par and a birdie on two long holes, the 12th and the 13th. She won the 15th with a tricky 20-foot putt that ghosted downhill into the cup.

On the 16th, a tightly trapped par 3 of 140 yards, she hit a much longer shot that looked as if it, too, might go in, a three-iron that rolled just inches past the hole. That put her 1 up. She lost her lead on the 17th but sank an eight-foot putt on the 18th and now, suddenly and improbably, it was Miss Gunderson who had to sink a six-foot putt to stay in the tournament. JoAnne moved up to the hall once, but her hands were trembling so badly she had to back away.

"I've never been so nervous in my life," she admitted later. Then she got over the ball once again, and while Miss Williams looked the other way ("I should have stared that ball out of the hole," Barbara said) JoAnne squeezed down her putt. Two holes later a badly tired Miss Williams grudgingly lost.

The path that had seemingly been

continued



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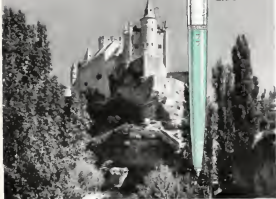
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FOR MEN

GOLF continued

smoothed for Anne Quast Decker ultimately proved to be Ann Baker's ticket to the finals. This golden-skinned, golden-haired athlete thus became the youngest to advance that far since 16-year-old Margaret Curtis was runner-up in the 1900 championship.

Ann had been beaten in the first round of the Girls' Junior in Buffalo the week before and didn't expect to be in Rochester very long.

"I was worried about getting past my first-round match," she said in the strong accents of Tennessee. "I only brought enough clothes to last three days."

She beat Ann Casey Johnstone in the first round, however, 7 and 5, moved fairly easily through four other matches and beat Patricia Hahn in the semifinals 1 up. She was so excited that she hadn't slept the night before her match against Miss Hahn. Imagine, then, the kind of night she must have spent before facing the mighty Miss Gunderson in the 36-hole final on Saturday. JoAnne is nightmare material for any opponent.

Birdies and an eagle

Uneasy Miss Baker started the final match by bogeying four of the first five holes. She might have regretted this brief show of nerves had not Miss Gunderson made it completely obvious that nobody was going to beat her this day, nerves or no. First Miss Gunderson birdied the fifth, and then the ninth for a 4-up lead. Then at the 10th she hit the two shots that showed the difference between her and every other woman amateur today.

The hole is a 525-yard par 5 dogleg to the right. She hit a tremendous drive past the corner, lofted a high five-wood 20 feet from the hole and sank the putt for an eagle 3. Not even Ann Baker could have dreamed she would be confronted with that kind of competition.

By the 28th hole, where the match ended, Miss Baker had every reason to feel she had played good golf. But Miss Gunderson had had seven birdies plus her eagle, she was three under par and the championship trophy was hers again.

"Well, I did my best," said a not too surprised Miss Baker after it was over. She headed home for Maryville; high school starts this week.

"I've never played better," said Miss Gunderson happily. But she didn't seem to have anyplace to go. After winning three championships, just where does a girl golfer go?

END

STUDEBAKER CORPORATION CAR SETS NEW WORLD SPEED MARKS

On August 14, an Avanti Shattered 29 National Stock Car Records on the Bonneville Salt Flats Within 12 Hours

As part of Studebaker Corporation's safety study on its new caliper-type disc brakes, steering and suspension system, a stock Avanti smashed 29 world's speed records.

Andy Granatelli, President of the Paxton Products Division of Studebaker Corporation drove the record breaking car over the Bonneville Salt Flats. Paxton manufactures the supercharger used on the Avanti.

Let us quote Mr. Granatelli, "These speeds are intended to prove that the Avanti is not only the world's fastest production automobile but also the world's safest automobile. It was possible for me to drive the Avanti in practice at speeds over 150 miles per hour with my hands removed from the steering wheel. This proves the fabulous roadability and safety features built into the Avanti."

Furthermore, Mr. Granatelli conducted braking tests that prove the Avanti's caliper-type disc brakes have remarkable stopping power. For example, they stop the Avanti from 100 miles per hour in 150 feet less distance than conventional brakes.

Following are the new Avanti speed records:

American Class C (183 to 205 cu. in.)		Unlimited American Stock Cars (No Displacement limit)	
Flying Start		Flying Start	
1 kilo	168.24 mph	1 kilo	168.24 mph
1 mile	168.15	1 mile	168.15
5 kilo	167.86	5 kilo	167.86
5 mile	167.82	5 mile	167.82
10 kilo	167.43	10 kilo	167.40
10 mile	166.95	10 mile	166.90
Standing Start		Standing Start	
1 kilo	92.03 mph	5 kilo	126.31 mph
5 kilo	126.31	5 mile	129.69
5 mile	129.69	10 kilo	142.80
10 kilo	142.80	10 mile	151.66
10 mile	151.66		
National Class C (182 to 205 cu. in.)		National Class Unlimited (No Displacement limit)	
Standing Start		Standing Start	
5 kilo	126.31 mph	5 kilo	126.31 mph
5 mile	129.69	5 mile	129.69
10 kilo	142.80	10 kilo	142.80
10 mile	151.66	10 mile	151.66

TOTAL RECORDS ESTABLISHED 29

All 29 records are the average speeds of a 2-way run, and are not the top speeds attained. As an example, the average speed for the 20 miles (2-way standing start 10 mile runs) was 151.66 mph, but the top speed was 178.5 mph during the last several miles of this run.

Important Note: These runs were made at 4,200 feet above sea level. Air temperature was 120°F. Furthermore, salt flats offer less traction to tires than an asphalt road. Under more ideal conditions (cooler air, sea level, asphalt surface) the Avanti's performance would be about 25% better.

Both speed and braking tests were witnessed and certified by the United States Automobile Club, official U.S.A. representative for the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, the world governing body for all international records and competitions.

FROM THE ADVANCED THINKING OF

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The Southern Resort of a Proper Bostonian



James Walker Tufts—of the Massachusetts Tufts—built a New England village on 5,000 acres of Carolina desert and opened it as a health spa, never guessing that his Pinchurst would turn out to be a mecca for golfers

by GWILYM S. BROWN

The National Amateur golf championship is being held two weeks from now in the serene and single-minded little village of Pinchurst, N.C. This is as appropriate a gesture to history as it would be to play the World Series at baseball's Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., for golf has been Pinchurst's chief commodity for six decades. The drawy resort is as significantly linked to the game as Las Vegas is to gambling, Cannes is to film festivals, or Saratoga is to horses.

Ask a resident or regular visitor to Pinchurst if he has been playing much golf lately. "No," he might reply with a sad shake of his head, "only in the afternoons." Or consider what happened in 1951 when professionals of the U.S. and Great Britain played in the Ryder Cup matches on Pinchurst's world-famous No. 2 course. Only several hundred people showed up to follow the pros. This astonished an English visitor, who observed that the other courses that make up the Pinchurst Coun-

continued



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PINEHURST

try Club were jammed with golfers.

"The greatest players in the world are here and no one is watching them," he complained to a Pinehurst oldtimer. "What's the matter with these people?"

"My good fellow," was the reply, "people come to Pinehurst to play golf, not to watch it." This is the attitude that explains Pinehurst; it is a mecca of golf, and its pilgrims come to play.

Pinehurst is not really a town, it just

many buildings that it has leased out to private businesses.

Its most vital holding, however, is the Pinehurst Country Club. This massive golfing preserve includes five 18-hole courses (only one other club in the world has as many), four tennis courts, a lawn bowling green and a rambling stucco clubhouse whose front portico of 29 Doric pillars gapes out over the huge playground like a giant, toothy bear.



The Carolina, a 250-room island in a desert sea of sand, steps overflown guests in its halls.

looks like one. It is actually a privately owned corporation called Pinehurst, Inc., which has been run for 67 years by a onetime Boston family named Tufts. As a means of giving their little settlement of 600 permanent residents more financial solidity the corporation has sold a few home and business sites to private owners, but there is no municipal government at all, just a board of directors. Pinehurst, Inc. runs the police, the utilities and the fire department. It owns Pinehurst's land as well as two hotels, one garage, one laundry, greenhouses, stables, a training track for horses and

The country club is used to harvest the town's most profitable crop, the golfers. Some 30,000 of them come south to Pinehurst between October and April each year and play more than 100,000 rounds of golf. Just keeping them hurrying contentedly around the various courses requires an overworked fleet of 120 electric golf carts, plus 450 caddies who attempt to outdo each other in both efficiency and attire. A sample outfit: black alligator shoes, Argyle socks, mustard-colored slacks, a navy-blue shirt and shiny black straw cap.

Golf brings a great deal of money into

Pinehurst every year, but the corporation has never let this fact rush it into overcommercializing its town. "We are trying very hard to keep things small, to preserve the amateur spirit of golf," says Dick Tufts, the recently retired president of Pinehurst, Inc., a former president of the United States Golf Association and a devoted golf scholar who has written two books, one on the history of the game, the other on its rules.

The corporation officers have not only tried to maintain the amateur flavor of golf at Pinehurst, they have enhanced it by sponsoring several major tournaments. The North and South Amateur, whose prestige is exceeded only by the National Amateur, has been played at Pinehurst since 1901, the North and South women's amateur since 1903, the men's seniors since 1952 and the women's seniors since 1954. Pinehurst's only professional tournament, the North and South Open, was dropped in 1951. Too commercial.

Considering its contributions to amateur golf, it may seem surprising that this will be the first National Amateur ever played in Pinehurst. One reason has been that the tournament is usually held in early September when Pinehurst would ordinarily be, to put it bluntly, too hot. Another is that Dick Tufts had been reluctant to ask for the Amateur for fear that it would be thought he was using the tournament to publicize his resort.

The decision to bring the Amateur to Pinehurst was forced upon him. It was made two years ago during the Amateur Championship in St. Louis and demonstrates the high esteem that Pinehurst's No. 2 course is held in by the country's top players. A group of competitors present asked the USGA's executive director, Joe Dey, why the Amateur had never been played in Pinehurst. He explained, supplying the reasons above, but agreed to poll the field in St. Louis as to its choice of a site for the 1962 event. Overwhelmingly the players were in favor of Pinehurst and its No. 2 course. Dick Tufts was asked if Pinehurst was available. Pinehurst would be honored, he said.

To help overcome the heat difficulty

continued



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PINEHURST

the tournament has been scheduled a little later than usual. Another innovation has also been reached. In order to get the first-day field of 72 matches around the course before dark, it would be necessary to start the earliest two-some off at 6:30 a.m. "I'll be darned if I'll make anyone play golf at that hour," Dey told Dick Tufts. "Let's institute Pinehurst daylight saving time." The first two-some will now tee off at 7:30 a.m., Pinehurst time, and the town will be in its own time zone for the entire week.

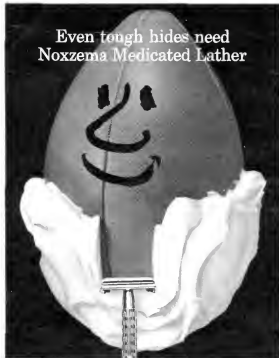
There are those who would say Pinehurst has been in its own time zone since 1895. That was when its founder, James Walker Tufts, a Boston soda-fountain-equipment manufacturer, came south to



Tufts' Day, 1905. Tufts at a golf tournament.

found a peaceful, quiet resort where people could come for rest and recuperation. He purchased 5,000 acres of cut-over timberland at \$1 per acre (worth \$12,000 an acre now) and set about establishing a health resort for northern invalids of moderate means who would take walks and carriage rides during the day and play cards and charades at night. He built the Holly Inn and 16 cottages and then sent out notices to northern doctors that "consumptives are welcome." It was just about this time that consumption (tuberculosis) was definitely categorized as a contagious disease, not a hereditary one, as medical science (and James Tufts) had previously assumed. The following year, Tufts's no-

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PINEHURST continued

mate. The Boston designers also tried, and succeeded, in leaving a strong north-eastern stamp on Pinehurst. The result today is that the town looks as much a part of New England as Rockport, Mass. or Camden, Me.

Golf came quite casually into this carefully planned community. A group of early visitors was noticed knocking a golf ball from burst to burst. Tufts, a man who needed some grass growing under his feet at this point, ordered a nine-hole course built in 1898. He didn't tell his guests that its chief use was to be as a break against the fierce brush fires that swept around the community from time to time. The first full course was Pinehurst No. 1. It was finished in 1899. The No. 2 course, then 5,860 yards long, was completed in 1907. Course No. 3 was finished in 1910 and course No. 4 nine years later. The fifth course, Pinehurst No. 5, was added in 1961. The courses have been rerouted so many times over the years that about 40 or 50 of the holes have been, at one time or another, part of two, or even three, of the layouts.

Until 1934 the putting greens on all four courses were sand — a condition that often enabled local experts to out-hustle some of the golf stars who played there. But by the beginning of World War II all the greens were grass.

The town expanded along with the golfing facilities. The first hotel, the Holly Inn, was finished in 1896. In 1901 The Carolina Hotel was opened. Two more hotels, the Manor House and the Pinecrest, were built later. The Carolina remains the largest of all. It is a huge, rambling, four-story structure of yellow clapboard that looks as if it should be peopled with characters from the novels of Henry James. During the 1920s The Carolina was so popular that its spacious halls were curtained off into additional rooms.

"In those days," recalls Dick Tufts, who has wandered in Pinehurst since 1904, "the clerk at the desk where you checked in didn't give you the key to your room, he gave you a safety pin."

continued

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Business became so good that in 1920 the Tufts decided to expand Pinehurst. They bought land in the Knollwood area of nearby Southern Pines, put up two hotels and two golf courses at a total cost of more than \$1 million and sat back contentedly to let the continuing national prosperity justify their large financial risk. What they got instead was October 1929, the financial counterpart of an unplayable lie. Pinehurst, Inc. went bankrupt.

"We had quite a scramble," admits Dick Tufts when prodded, adding with unquestionable accuracy, "It was mainly a financing problem."

One of the town's most important businessmen is a bit more explicit. "The Knollwood operation went bankrupt and took Pinehurst down with it," explains Livingston Ludlow Biddle II, a Philadelphia who owns part of Village Court, a group of quaint brick colonial store and office buildings on the town's main street. Biddle also handles the sale of much of Pinehurst's tightly restricted real estate.

"The First National Bank of Boston took the company over for a year or so and sent a man down to run it," he says. "Eventually Hornblower & Weeks took on the mortgage and carried it until Dick Tufts could buy it back at a reasonable price." Its Depression troubles were the only filtering steps Pinehurst took in its placid, upward march through the years. "As a matter of fact," says Tufts, "we did a great deal of work on the golf course during that time. We built the grass greens and we put in a watering system for the No. 2 course."

"Of any town in the U.S. this one has changed the least," says Biddle, his voice supplying no clue as to whether he is boasting or complaining. "They fight change here. They make a thorough and complete effort to keep things just as they are. They still keep the little horse-drawn carriages, they still keep the 40-year-old bus that makes trips to and from the country club (150,000 round trips, all with the same driver, Talbert

continued



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PINEHURST continued

Causey, at the wheel. They're fighting the modern house. Every time someone submits plans for one of those flat-roofed houses the corporation has a fit and rejects them. Once they approved plans for one and later decided they couldn't stand it. They made the owner put a gable on top of it."

There is another phase of life in Pinehurst that has also remained static through the years. This is the corporation's restrictive policy of allowing only white Gentiles to buy property or stay in the hotels. And the corporation screens all prospective new property owners to weed out anyone else it may consider unsuitable, too.

"Occasionally someone who shouldn't



Pinehurst's first golf course looked like it

slip into one of the hotels," says a local businessman, "but they never get to come back. The hotels down here have a complex system of blue, red, yellow, and white cards on everyone who stays here. Their card system would make Hitler look like an amateur." He declined to explain what all the colors meant.

This policy, so astonishingly out of place in Pinehurst's relaxed and friendly atmosphere, has not kept the village from having its share of distinguished visitors. John D. Rockefeller Sr. owned a house in Pinehurst, as did General George C. Marshall. Former Secretary

of State Cordell Hull used to stay at The Carolina, where he ran his life by the clock. Every morning at 9:30 he would leave the hotel for a half-mile walk to the country club, spend exactly 30 minutes on the putting green and then walk back to the hotel. This was the extent of Mr. Hull's golf game.

A more typical Pinehurst attitude is that of a present resident, a Philadelphia investment counselor named Arthur F. Spellissy. He owns a large house overlooking the 10th fairway of the No. 2 course. He was in the habit of going straight from his home to the 2nd tee of the course and playing the next eight holes. This brought him back to within 200 yards of his house. But the 200 yards



large, flat sand trap when opened in 1895

vexed him, as did the fact that he could play only eight holes instead of that nice round golfing number, nine. Visitors to Pinehurst can now see the solution to the Spellissy dilemma. It is his very own beautifully kept par-3 hole of 185 yards—built and maintained by Spellissy himself—which brings him right back to his front door.

There are, if you insist on looking for them, things to do in Pinehurst other than play golf. Most of the hotels hold card and bingo nights, there are two good restaurants in town, and from February to April the Pinehurst Playhouse

continued



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presents a selection of touring stage plays. Taverns are against the law in North Carolina, but the nearby Dunes Club (which opens in mid-October) has maneuvered around the law by becoming a very large private club indeed. You can joust. It has a bar, dining room and floor show. Nor is the nearest roulette table in Nevada. Southern Pines has a motion picture theater and, if pressed, Pinchurst will admit to having riding, hunting, fishing and tennis facilities. But what it has above all, even above its golf, is its sense of peace and air of easy lassitude.

"Pinchurst's greatest attribute," wrote a famous resident, John P. Marquand, "is its friendliness and calm. Even on the most crowded days of the spring season, when individuals are struggling feverishly for starting times on the golf courses and when the hotels have run out of reservations, peace never wholly leaves Pinchurst. It never loses the spiritual lack of haste or the impression of lei-

sure and repose and hospitality that its founder designed for it."

That's what it will offer when the country's best amateurs come there to decide a championship between Septem-

ber 17 and 22. They will like Pinchurst hospitality and Pinchurst No. 2. But they better not expect a gallery. Everybody else in town will be out playing Pinchurst's other courses. **END**

PINEHURST TRAVEL FACTS

GETTING THERE: Pinchurst is in central North Carolina. Its season, usually from Oct. 1 through April, opens early this year for the Amateur. Best air connections are via Eastern, United and Piedmont to Raleigh, 58 miles from Pinchurst; or Lenoir, Delta, Southern and Piedmont to Charlotte, 115 miles away. The remaining distance from either airport can be managed by Airinative charters (two-passenger Aero Commanders) or by car. The rail connection is by Seaboard to Southern Pines, four miles away.

STAYING THERE: Pinchurst's two hotels run on the American plan (lunch is taken care of by a ticket to the country club). The fashionable 250-room Carolina

has single rooms for \$16 to \$24 and double for \$28 to \$42. A single room at the air-conditioned Holly Inn (30 rooms) runs \$14 to \$21, and a double \$24 to \$38. A Howard Johnson motel offers double rooms for \$10 to \$12, and a few miles away, near Southern Pines, the Pine Needles Lodge has double rooms for \$36, with meals.

GOLFING THERE: During the Amateur all Pinchurst, Inc. hotel guests can play courses 3 and 5 as part of a \$22.50 all-week admission ticket. From Oct. 12 to Nov. 11 and Feb. 21 to April 27 rates for guests are \$8 for one round and \$4 for each additional round. At other seasons \$4 a day and \$17 a week, with no limit on the rounds.



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went strategy—along with the ball

by THEODORE FERRO



In my salad days as a ballplayer, some 30 years ago, when I was second baseman and captain of the Ironclad AC, the boy who could hit the long ball was not necessarily held in high esteem. He was called a slugger, of course, and when he came to the plate we'd wave frantically to the outfielders, shouting to them to play back. But the slugger, then as now, struck out frequently. It was generally agreed by the "good field, no hat" fraternity, to which most of us belonged, that he hit the long ball not because he was endowed with special skill but because he was bigger and heavier and usually older than the rest of us.

The slugger had standing, of course. He was accorded a grudging respect (who knew when he would get hold of one?) but if he was admired it was as a freak is admired at the circus, an object to stare at, perhaps, or to wonder about. One did not envy a freak, so it did not occur to us to envy a slugger.

We won games because we played heads-up baseball. Craft and guile were the virtues we cultivated, not brawn. That wasn't in the book yet. Innocents that we were, we played for one run. We took pride in winning the close ones. We lived for the moment when we could confound the opposition with the smart play. Strategy, pure and preferably intricate in design, fascinated us, and surely it was an intricate piece of strategy, with a minor but unfortunate deviation,

which won for us, one year, the championship of the Eagle League.

I was reminded of that bygone classic, witnessed by a dozen or so lackluster fans (younger brothers and sisters of the contending parties), by an event I once saw at Yankee Stadium. Trailing by a run in the ninth inning, with two out and a man on first, Ralph Houk called on Johnny Blanchard to pinch-hit.

Houk's strategy was simplicity itself. Blanchard swung at the first ball pitched, lofting it in a graceful arc far and deep into the upper deck of the right-field stands. The game was over. The Yankees had won. It was, to be sure, a dramatic victory, but it lacked subtlety. Thirty-four years ago, in a situation not unlike the one just described, the Ironclads had done it differently.

We used a pinch hitter, too, but we didn't call on a slugger. We called on Shrimp Bogler. The Shrimp was 13 years old. He was the extra man on the squad. Agile and nimbly, there wasn't anything on a baseball diamond that he couldn't do. He was the best infielder we had; once, in an emergency, when Art Timmons had the measles, he caught two games for us. He was death on fly balls. I don't believe I ever saw him drop one. But the machine, so delicately designed, had a defect. Shrimp Bogler could not hit.

As I said, we were in the ninth inning. The championship of our division (was

it the Midget?) of the Eagle League was at stake. A run behind the Spartans when we came in for our last at bats, we had tied the score on a double and a fading Texas Leaguer behind second, but the boy who had hit the blooper tried for two and was cut down. Then our slugger, George Haywood, struck out. It was two out now, and Art Timmons was up.

We held a hurried conference, and it was decided (Gene Saddler and I were the brain trust) to pinch hit for Art, who had struck out on three previous trips to the plate. I can still see Art's face when he was told that he was being taken out of the game, but more distinctly still can I hear his anguished screams when he learned that he was to stand aside for The Shrimp. Art was a big boy, too, and there was the little matter of getting the bat (the only bat) away from him. This was finally accomplished by having Manny Gold, Herb Goetz and Phil Williams pile on Art, pin him to the ground and rip the bat from his straining fingers while Gene and I conferred with The Shrimp.

The Shrimp's instructions were simple and to the point. We knew what we wanted him to do. Every possible contingency was thought of, not forgetting the threat that if he didn't do what we told him to do, exactly and down to the last detail, he'd be sorry. The Shrimp knew that he would be, too, and he kept on nodding his head.

continued

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A Farewell (continues)

"Sure, sure whatever you guys want."

The Shrimp was about 4 feet 8 inches tall, and his instructions were, if memory does not fail, to step to the plate, crouch low, making himself as small as possible, and keep his bat on his shoulder. Under no condition was he to swing at the ball. If he was called out on strikes, we would take the blame.

We figured it this way. The opposing pitcher knew that The Shrimp could not hit the side of a barn, and would suspect that we were hoping for a base on balls. He'd become overcareful and wouldn't be able to put one across the plate.

It worked. The Shrimp walked, and Gene Suddler went down to coach at first base. Again we played it smart. In a clear, loud taunting voice Gene kept yelling to The Shrimp, "Remember now, he's up in the air, go down on the first pitch. You can steal it, kiddo."

War of nerves

I don't have to tell you that the pitcher, alert to the developing threat, made a hurried throw to the bag, that it was wild (we'd foreseen the possibility of a bad throw, of course) and The Shrimp scooted to second.

Along the first base line, the Ironclads en masse, including the recently stricken Art Timmons, were screaming insults at the opposition, while at the plate stood the next batter, Billy Mason, waving his bat menacingly and calling to the pitcher to put one over (also part of the overall strategy).

I was coaching at third. Now I got into the act. "Come on, Shrimp," I called through cupped hands, "the second he lets go, steal." The pitcher let go, the ball was in the dirt in front of the plate, and The Shrimp, sliding unnecessarily but with typical Ironclad finesse, was safe.

The winning run was now at third. There was one ball on the batter. Again we called time. Billy Mason was instructed to swing at the next ball pitched. He was to swing (to confuse the catcher), but he was to miss. For on the pitch The Shrimp would attempt to steal home.

Like Art Timmons before him, and like so many people in this world who refuse to play the lesser role even though it serves the greater good, Billy was reluctant to go along with the overall strategy. He felt that he was entitled to a good healthy cut at the ball. So we had to reason with him. We were not in any

(continues)

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position to jump him, pin him to the ground and have someone pinch-hit for him, someone amenable to authority. We didn't have the someone, amenable or otherwise. Instead we fell back on the intellectual approach, explaining that we were operating according to a master plan, that victory was within our grasp if only he made this single and selfless contribution, and anyhow, who did he think he was? Ty Cobb?

Now I don't want to record in print that Billy Mason doublecrossed us, or that it wasn't his sincere intent to swing and miss as he had been instructed. But he didn't miss. He caught hold of one, and there was the ball winging its way into Mr. Dakin's rose garden (an automatic home run according to previous agreement), and The Shrimp was over with the winning run. Mr. Dakin copped the ball.

Yelping with joy, we rushed to the plate, expressing the moment's ecstasy by piling on The Shrimp, pummeling him and each other with such indis-

criminate enthusiasm that Manny Gold and Gene Saddler squared off in earnest, and had to be separated by the more peace-loving members of the team.

Meanwhile, Billy Mason had circled the bases, but by the time he had touched home plate there was no one there to greet him, to grasp him by the hand, which was in my day, even as it is now, the etiquette of the situation. Instead, with The Shrimp precariously perched on George Haywood's shoulders, we formed a procession and marched in the general direction of the street where most of us lived. "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," we sang.

Bewildered by our indifference, and not yet having had the opportunity to reflect on the enormity of his crime (he was to swing and miss, wasn't he?) Billy Mason ran back and forth along the line of singing and dancing boys, grabbing one, then another, trying to attract attention to himself, seeking some sign of approval for the tremendous blow he had struck in the pinch. But we did not pay any attention to Billy.

In fact, because we were sound base-

ball men, it was agreed without a dissenting voice that Billy had to be disciplined. After some debate he was fined 50¢ (which he never paid) and was suspended for the balance of the season.

It all came back to me at the Stadium, when Houk called on Blanchard to pinch-hit. What a moment it would have been for Ironclad strategy. I wonder what Gene Saddler and I would have dreamed up had we been sitting on the Yankee bench? Would we have dug deep into our bag of tricks? Would we have figured that we could win by confounding the opposition, by doing the unexpected? Would we have passed up Blanchard and, peering down the bench, called on a pitcher with an anemic batting average? And then have him stand at the plate with instructions not to swing, remembering that it worked for us with Shrimp Bogler the day we spoon-fed pams to the Spartans, and that it might work again?

I don't know. We would have squared the circle somehow. But we wouldn't have told Johnny Blanchard to knock one out of the park. That would have been too simple.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

A large unidentified bird swooped into the Philly dugout. It emerged, flew toward the mound, circled the field and then glided over the right-field wall. For the rest of the week the attention of Philadelphia fans was focused on Don Demeler, who came through with game-winning hits in three successive games. New York's first 100 losses were not the hardest; the next three hurt just as much as the Mets blew leads of 5-1, 2-0 and 3-1. Chicago seldom had a lead to lose but did fitter away the biggest one (6-1) it had. Ken Hubbs broke the major league record for second basemen by playing his 74th consecutive game without an error. He achieved this with a Jerry Lumpe glove, which is now torn in three places, because he was unable to get his new Chuck Comer model broken in quickly enough.

The Houston Colt .45s had tantrums in which they threw each other's bats on the floor (see page 7) but managed to re-channel their hostilities, used the bats for their intended purpose and won four games in a row. Filroy Face needed just seven pitches to save two games for Pittsburgh. A third save gave him 23, three more than anyone had in the majors last season. Bill White and Charley James of St. Louis won games with eighth-inning two-run homers. James' home run was his seventh and the fifth he had hit in Friday night games. To pep up attendance, Milwaukee booked a watermelon-eating contest, square dancing and a tug of war between American Legion Posts No. 1 and No. 416. Cincinnati's Joey Jay studied the rules for three hours, then decided to try a quick delivery that he felt would keep Dodger runners from stealing. Jay gave up only eight hits, one steal and balked once, but he lost 2-1 in 13 innings. Frank Robinson hit a mere .133 for the week, and all the Reds managed only .215 until they broke loose Saturday with 16 hits and 10 runs. Los Angeles parlayed excellent relief work by Ed Roebuck (five hits and no runs in eight innings), powerful hitting (24 runs to support Rookie Pete Richert's two starts) and good luck into five wins in six tries. John Roseboro almost pulled a monumental rock when, after his winning single against Jay, he passed Duke Snider on the base path. He was ruled out but, fortunately, his was only the second out of the inning and the run he drove in still counted. Scintillating fielding by Jim Davenport, Jose Pagan and



STEADY PERFORMERS were Senators' Don Demeler, who pitched third straight shutout. Brave Newscaster Lou Johnson, who hit 500.

Willie Mays, plus 12 homers, helped San Francisco stay right behind the Dodgers.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Just when Chicago seemed ready to make its move the team slumped. There were plenty of hits (420 BA) but few timely ones (only 10 of 76 runners scored). The pitching faltered also, and during one three-game span 17 pitchers were used. Jim Lunning of Detroit, who had given up fewer than nine hits a game, allowed 20 in 15 innings and won twice Kansas City pitchers, perhaps trying the same theory, gave up a lot of hits, too. They lost. Employing an older technique, Orlando Pena beat the Angels with a three-hitter. It was Pena's best game since beating the Giants (also managed by Bill Rigney) in 1958. Los Angeles got a shutout from Don Lee, five homers in another game and effective relief work by Dan Osinski in a third. This prompted the Angels to begin soliciting advertising for a World Series program. "It is no fun when the Yankees win every year," Minnesota's Vic Power said. "I think it is time somebody else win—and we have some fun." Although the Twins had some fun last week as they won three of five, it was doubtful they would have the last, and biggest, laugh. New York (see page 16) looked alternately good and bad and finished the month with only half of the six-game lead it began with. With seven wins in five weeks Ralph Terry became a 20-game winner. Cleveland, despite a 5-1 record for the week, had the worst record during August (14-21). With two days of rain and good pitching by Reliever Dick Radatz, Boston lost only twice and still had a chance of catching the seventh-place Indians. In his attempt to catch a long drive to right center, Baltimore's Jackie Brandt skidded on the grass and got his foot lodged under the fence. It was all part of the troubles the Orioles had after winning five games from the Yankees. Washington's Jimmie Foxx, apparently enthralled by the team's three wins over the Orioles, did the rest on his way to the outfield. Moving Charlie Hinton to second base strengthened not only the offense but the defense as well. Last week the Senators made 13 double plays, twice their weekly average.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOOBY BALL

Sirs:

I found fascinating, factual fun in Stanley Frank's blithe blasting of baseball's booby traps (*What Ever Happened to Baseball?* Aug. 27).

W. CARLYLE SMILE, M.D.

Jerome, Idaho

Sirs:

You should force every club owner, manager and league official to memorize it word for word. It would help some players, too.

W. W. MILLER

Terre Haute, Ind.

Sirs:

I agree with everything the *even* said. Baseball has become a real drag, and instead of doing something to speed up the game the club owners are content to sit on their dwindling gate receipts.

Furthermore, I wish baseball's big wheels would seriously consider having the World Series played at night, when the majority of fans could watch it. After all, if baseball is still our national game the series should be played when most of its adherents can enjoy it. The club owners are perfectly willing to schedule most of the regular-season games at night, so why can't they be equally accommodating for the World Series?

ART MORAN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

The decline of interest in baseball has a parallel in the church. I am a clergyman—ordained to the ministry 27 years ago. Interest in religion has not increased during these years. Church buildings have grown bigger, more efficient, more beautiful, and the pews are more comfortable, but the pews have not responded.

Added interests have come into being. Folks used to go to church because there was no other place to go. They talked about the sermon, for there was nothing else to talk about. This generation has a means for the new, the different. The best two soon grows old. Said a Kentucky citizen to me, "The mountains are beautiful, but I get awfully tired of looking at them."

Only yesterday men gathered in the coffee shop to listen to the baseball game over one of the few radios in the community. There was animated and pertinent discussion. Today we sit in our parlors and automobiles to get the results. There is little talk beyond, "How did the game come out?"

Interest demands participation. The game

has gotten away from a field of public. Present interests are quite confined to the pennant race. The World Series is a foregone conclusion. The All-Star games are performances. The average person does not seem to care.

RIV. JOHN VAN PLEIGH

Zeeland, Mich.

Sirs:

Stanley Frank's article is a cynical farce. He probably would rather see a shortstop throw the ball into right field than see a lightning-fast double play get a pitcher out of a jam. If Mr. Frank is so disillusioned with the improvement in baseball today, then he ought to start watching the New York Mets.

JAMES J. HERRINGER

Kenmore, N. Y.

Sirs:

Let's see now. Mr. Frank's ideal ballplayer would be a guy who hit .258, didn't field too well, that had a hole in his glove, made crude gestures on TV, dandied endorsements and the pension fund and presumably wound up his life assuring bastards. They don't play baseball like they used to.

Mr. Frank is right that baseball is dying, but all his reasons are wrong.

The only people who complain about long games are the sportswriters, who get free tickets, free parking and free food and drink in the press box. The fan, who has to pay for all of these, figures he's made a big investment and likely would conclude that he got more for his money in a 2½-hour game than in a 1½-hour quackie in which probably not much happened.

The people most bored by statistics are the people who don't know any. Somehow they make a virtue out of this ignorance, claiming they're interested only in how the game is played. Trouble is, they usually don't know much about that either.

If Mr. Frank knew his statistics, he'd know that the Gas House Gang's appeal, which he immortalizes, was somewhat lost on the citizenry of St. Louis. In the six seasons cited by the author the Cardinals averaged 185,401 fans per season. That works out to 5,000 per game.

And of course we know it was a statistic—Babe Ruth's 60 home runs—that saved American League attendance last year as Marm and Mantle packed 'em in around the loop in their assault on the magic figure.

Baseball is dying for the same reason cricket is dying—they're both dull.

GEORGE BAUNZ

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I rank tapes about Rocky Colapinto's antics at the plate. Isn't this the same fellow involved as Rabbit Maravich? Or is today's color ball and yesterday's good?

WILLIAM WOOD

Luray, Va.

Sirs:

Monday night, August 20, the very much alive Reds were playing the league-leading Dodgers in the final game of a crucial four-game series in Cincinnati.

In the bottom of the fifth, with the score still tied at 3 all, one out and runners at second and third, Vada Pinson was passed intentionally to load the bases and set up the double play. The capacity crowd was hushed as Frank Robinson brought his bat and 113 RBIs to the plate. Four pitches later a home crowd roared its approval as Robby's drive cleared the scoreboard.

It is moments like these, Mr. Frank, that will keep robots out of baseball for many years.

MARK SPILHARTER

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Our National Pastime will never be quite as dull as the writers who try to condemn it.

CAROL FLOWERS

Chicago

COOKED LARGemouth

Sirs:

What is this blasphemy about largemouth bass being gamier than trout or salmon (Horns and Hoofs, Aug. 20)? Dr. Henshall probably never took a deconstructed salmon in his life. Try out a two-pound rainbow and any two-pound largemouth looks like a poulaine. I wrote an article for *Field & Stream* some years ago called *Poor as Poor*, which tabulated several hundred gambols of various species on the basis of the time it took to land them on similar gear. The results in minutes per pound showed the average trout and landlocked salmon outfoiled the bass by three or four to one. This isn't opinion, it is observed fact. Furthermore, anybody who says a bass tastes better than a trout needs either a psychiatrist or a chef.

EDWARD COLEMAN

New York

OVERLOOKED POETRY

Sirs:

This letter has a dual purpose: to commend *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for Kenneth Re-

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deon's fine article on Dick Mann (*Hitting the Kill Button*, Aug. 20) while asking how, in all justice, he could give such short shrift to Carroll Resweber.

Resweber is not only the four-time grand national point champion of professional motorcycle racing, he is undoubtedly the greatest rider in the history of the two-wheelers. Imagine the skill and daring involved in winning four consecutive national titles! It's an amazing feat, which could be compared to winning a major league batting crown four straight years—and how many ballplayers have done that?

This does not mean that Dick Mann is not a fine competitor in this courageous sport. He is—and so are many hundreds of other fine young men (emphasis on the "young") who have earned professional status in the American Motorcycle Association. But the most outstanding, versatile, flawless rider of them all is No. 1—Carroll Resweber.

To watch Resweber on a track is, to a motorcycle racing buff, like seeing poetry in motion. He and his finely tuned Harley-Davidson become like one—each so sensitive to the other that they have to be seen to be believed. So skillful is he behind the wheel that he avoided serious accidents and injury to himself and others with split-second reaction and handling of his machine. He once turned three laps at the head of the pack with a blown-out rear tire, then smoothly pulled his H-D to the outer wall, without interfering with any of the riders hot on his tail.

Topping it off, Carroll is a solid family man, and twice was voted the most popular male motorcyclist of the year—an honor that is open to everyone who owns a motorcycle.

All of us who ride motorcycles and enjoy the greatest sport on wheels thank you.

DONALD B. OLSON

Cedarburg, Wis.

SAFETY AT SEA

Sirs:

In your August 27 issue I was horrified to see the picture of Jackie Kennedy water skiing with her daughter—and Mrs. Kennedy without a life jacket. Your article even went so far as to say that she "temporarily fumbled." Only good common sense is necessary to make one realize it is unsafe to ski without a life jacket or ski belt. I wonder how many people now think that since Mrs. Kennedy didn't wear one, why should they?

CHRISTINE BROWN

Quannah, Texas

Sirs:

I wonder if the smiling skipper is thinking, "I wish Jackie would wear a ski belt."

P. G. HARMON

Winston-Salem, N.C.

Vodka 90 Proof Dist. from 100% Grain. Gilbey's Dist. London Dry Gin 90 Proof 100% Grain Neutral Spirits W. & A. Gilbey 116, Cin. G. Dist. by Nalco Dist. Prod. Co.



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"The World Agrees On 'Gilbey's, please!'" because this smooth, dry, flavorful gin makes a world of difference in a drink. Taste why the frosty-bottle gin is a favorite in America and throughout the world. And remember...GILBEY'S is the best name in Gin and Vodka.

Gilbey's Gin

"Viceroy's got the taste that's right!"



Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree:
some taste too strong... some too light... but
Viceroy's got the taste that's right!